

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1208. — 27 July, 1867.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
1. Herbert and Keble	<i>British Quarterly Review</i> , 195
2. Mock Holland House	<i>Saturday Review</i> , 209
3. Old Sir Douglas. Part 14	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> , 213
4. Letters of St. Jerome	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , 224
5. The Approaching Event in Rome	<i>Spectator</i> , 235
6. On Poetry	<i>Fraser's Magazine</i> , 237
7. Two Salutations	" " 246
8. New Life of Napoleon I. England and France vs. United States	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , 251
9. William Lloyd Garrison	<i>Harpers' Weekly</i> , 253
10. Correspondence	256

POETRY: In the Shadow, 194. Beside the Stile, 223. Rest and Unrest, 254. Vivian Grey, (Young and Old), 255.

NEW BOOKS.

OSVILLE COLLEGE. By Mrs. Henry Wood. T. B. Peterson and Brothers, Philadelphia.
A DAY OF DOOM, and other Poems. By Jean Ingelow. With a Portrait. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the Living Age will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year; nor where we have to pay a commission for forwarding the money.

Price of the First Series, in Cloth, 36 volumes, 90 dollars.

Second " " 20 " 50 "

Third " " 32 " 80 "

The Complete work 68 " 220 "

Any Volume Bound, 3 dollars; Unbound, 2 dollars. The sets, or volumes, will be sent at the expense the publishers.

IN THE SHADOW.

HERE I am with my head dropped low on your
grave; the sky
Is cloudless, pitiless blue; a desolate quiet
is shed
Over the face of all, like the passionless,
blankly dead
Calm of a heart that ne'er, at the sound of
belovèd tread,
Quickened its beats; the sun strikes blindly
down, and I,
With my very soul cramped up in the spasms
of its agony,

Feel the slow slight shudder of growing grass
at my ear
Stir through the dead brown hair that used
to be so bright
For the royal crown of Love, whose very
shadow dropt light
All about me, until, made fair, and transfig-
ured quite,
My face like an angel's was; — oh, God of
mercy, I fear
That the weight of my punishment is greater
than I can bear!

My blood makes shuddering leaps, as alone in
my dark I think
Of my own white stag whom the pitiless
archers wounded sore,
My royal eagle whose plumes were all bedab-
bled in gore,
My strong one whose prideful locks of glory
and power they shore —
And the iron enters deep to my soul, and I
shudder and shrink,
And the bitter and awe of death are in the cup
that I drink.

Passionate outstretched arms of mine, ye may
sink and drop
Your white weight down on his grave, for
he cannot feel you strain;
Wild beat against the impassable barrier to
clasp him again.
Smite down your weary light, O sun; and, O
thirsty rain,
Strike as you will, but never, oh never more
may ope
The gate that my own hand closed, the crystal
gate of hope.

My darling, my own lost darling! I loved you,
I loved you, I say.
Again, I loved you, I loved you, but oh the
awful sea
Of death rolls heavily in between your soul
and me,
And my fireful words are drowned in the
roar of its waves, and she

Who utters them fails and sinks with her gar-
ments weighted with spray,
And scarce dare hope that the tide will ebb out
at the breaking of day.

All through I loved you, dear heart! Oh, had I
but told you so,
When your forehead was flushen red with
the shame of your one, one sin,
Nor opened my soul's gates wide for the
pride to enter in,
Nor turned away my eyes, and left the devils
to grin
O'er the grand young fallen soul, that they
waited to drag below,
And I might have saved, and the curse of Cain
is upon my brow.

Were you so utterly vile that I smote away
your kiss
In scorn, as a thing unclean, from these proud
red lips of mine?
Alas, but a trivial error, an overflow of life-
wine!
A slip, and I might have raised, and helped
you to be divine.
Again, O lips, how ye burn, as a scarce-healed
cicatrice
Throbs at the lightest touch of the dull-blue
steel, I wis.

Alas! my beloved, my beloved! that I left you
to sink in the mire
Till the garments you wore once so fair ah!
scarcely a vestige showed
Of the saintly, stately white they were in the
kingdom of God!
Oh, I could smite you off, cruel hand of mine,
that should
Have been stretched to save, but broke the gol-
den strings of the lyre,
And smote into stillness the song that might
have swelled louder and higher.

Were you living and erring, how I would gird
up my garments, and leap
Unblenchingly down the abyss of the open
gulf that yawned
At your feet, content to perish, so you might
but safely stand,
And pass o'er the closed space without fear
to the other land,
Where the Master and Shepherd of Israel fold-
eth His saved sheep,
And no more may the lips make moan, and no
more may the eyeballs weep!

E. H. HICKEY.

— Macmillan's Magazine.

From the British Quarterly Review.

1. *The Works of George Herbert, in Prose and Verse.* With a Memoir by IZAAK WALTON. London: Bell & Daldy. 1861.
2. *The Christian Year.* Sixty-first Edition. Oxford: Parker. 1859.
3. *The Psalter in English Verse.* Oxford: Parker. 1839.
4. *Lyra Innocentium: Thoughts in Verse.* Fourth Edition. Oxford: 1847.
5. *The Times.* Article, 'The Late John Keble.' April 6, 1866.
6. *The Guardian,* April 4th, 11th, 18th, 25th, 1866.

MORE than twelve months have elapsed since the death of the Rev. John Keble, author of the 'Christian Year.' The ordinary (and in several instances extraordinary) tributes to his memory have been offered and partially forgotten, and we, though somewhat late, feel a melancholy pleasure in now adding our stone to his cairn, in placing our literary wreath of reverential affection upon his tomb. It is but reiterating an oft repeated fact to say that his death brought sorrow not only to those intimately acquainted with him, but into many circles where he was personally unknown. There have been no mourners more sincere than some whose convictions were opposed *toto celo* to dogmas which he maintained with invincible tenacity. The beauty of his devout genius radiated far beyond the sphere in which it was more directly displayed, and a large number of persons whose religious beliefs Keble could not appreciate, and whose judgment he never valued, were powerfully influenced by his sweet and graceful poems. By such, the 'Christian Year' is not only known as a book of sacred poetry, but is read and pondered in their holiest hours. The gentle teaching of its beautiful thoughts chastens the eager spirit into subdued restfulness, falls on the excited heart 'with a touch of infinite calm.' The volume stands upon our shelves in the hallowed company of the *de imitatione Christi* of Thomas à Kempis, Augustine's 'Confessions,' 'In Memoriam,' and of those other select few, to which the mind spontaneously turns in its seasons of profoundest need.

It has been customary for many years past to compare the author of the 'Christian Year' with George Herbert—the great religious poet of the early part of the seventeenth century. But this has been done more frequently by the simple con-

junction of their two names, than by any particular discrimination of the resemblances and differences which undoubtedly exist. It will be our purpose in the present article to trace some of these lines of similarity and points of contrast. To criticise the men and their works is exceedingly difficult, almost impossible. The pure unimpeachable lives of these sacred poets have thrown a softened halo around their memories, and lifted them above the range of ordinary human judgments. So, also, the modesty attendant on the production of their poems, their sacred character and purpose, the general appreciation of the Christian Church, the venerableness with which more than two centuries in the one case, and forty years in the other (an old age for a book in these days), have invested them, all conspire to disarm criticism, where otherwise it would justly exercise its peculiar functions. To discuss these works with the freedom of new publications would be an impertinence, to touch them rudely a sacrilege.

The life of Keble will soon be written, and we, with many others, anticipate its disclosures with no little interest and anxiety. The life of Herbert is enshrined in that quaint but matchless sketch by dear old Izaak Walton. That gentle citizen, enthusiastic angler, and worthy brother-in-law to Bishop Ken, has by his 'Lives' earned a fame which greater men might envy. The simplicity and pathos they combine are almost unequalled in our biographical literature. The poet's description of them is hardly extravagant—

'There are no colors in the fairest sky
So fair as these. The feather whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these
good men
Dropped from an angel's wing.'

Any attempt to draw a complete parallel between the personal history of Keble and that of Herbert would be unreasonable and absurd, though many a curious coincidence may be traced. They were both remarkable for an early display of great talent. Herbert took his M.A. degree at the age of twenty-two, and was made orator for the University of Cambridge six years afterwards. His biographer, in his own happy way, tells us that 'he had acquired great learning, and was blest with a high fancy, a civil and sharp wit, and with a natural elegance both in his behaviour, his tongue, and his pen.' So we learn, 'that it was an Oxford tradition, that Keble was only

eighteen when he obtained, with the greatest ease, a double first—that is, the first class both in classics and mathematics. This was at Easter, 1810. It was commonly said, that at the age of fourteen he became a scholar at Corpus, where they used to elect very early, and soon was known as an exact and elegant scholar. He was shortly after elected Fellow of Oriel, of which Copleston was then Provost. . . . In 1812, he obtained at once the prizes for an English essay on "Translation from Dead Languages," and a Latin essay comparing the military memoirs of Xenophon with those of Cæsar. . . . He became tutor, and some of the most distinguished men in the University passed through his lecture-room. He was Public Examiner in 1814 and 1815, at an age when most young men are trembling in hope of a pass.*

The universal testimony borne so affectionately to the amiable disposition of the author of the 'Christian Year,' also closely allies him with the 'Holy George Herbert.' Dr. Newman's words have been frequently quoted. In his 'Apologia,' after narrating a few notable incidents in connection with Keble, he says, 'At another time I heard a Master of Arts of my college give an account how he had just then had occasion to introduce himself on some business to Keble, and how gentle, courteous, and unaffected Keble had been, so as almost to put him out of countenance. Then, too, it was reported, truly or falsely, how a rising man of brilliant reputation—the present Dean of St. Paul's, Dr. Milman—admired and loved him, adding that he was unlike any one else.' A nobler eulogy could not be pronounced than that of his intimate and venerable friend Sir J. T. Coleridge. 'His friends will mourn,' he says, 'the departure, not merely of the delightful companion, playful and serious by turns, always simple and always wise, but of the faithful guide and counsellor—of a being whom they revered while they loved him. It was the singular happiness of his nature, remarkable even in his undergraduate days, that love for him was always sanctified, as it were, by reverence—reverence that did not make the love the less tender, and love that did but add intensity to the reverence. Looking back through an intimacy unbroken, unchilled, for more than fifty-five years, he seems to me now to have been at once the simplest, humblest, and most loving-hearted man, and withal the holiest and most zealous Christian I have ever known.†

* Times article.

† Guardian, April, 1866.

In harmony with this, the concluding words of Izaak Walton's sketch of Herbert will be remembered by all our readers. 'Thus he lived, and thus he died, like a saint, unspotted of the world, full of alms-deeds, full of humility, and all the examples of a virtuous life, which I cannot conclude better than with this borrowed observation—

' . . . all must to their cold graves;
But the religious actions of the just
Smell sweet in death, and blossom in the dust.'

'Mr. George Herbert's have done so to this, and will doubtless do so to succeeding generations.'

It is also pleasant to note how both these saintly men found their highest satisfaction and holiest joys in the quiet retirement of country pastoral work, rather than in the applause and admiration of the Universities to which they belonged. The poet of 'The Temple' was pressingly urged to change his resolution to enter into sacred orders, 'as too mean an employment, and too much below his birth and the excellent abilities and endowments of his mind.' But he was proof against all entreaty. Mr. Keble also had many inducements to leave the quiet of his village pastorate at Hursley, and to take a prominent part in those agitating controversies, which for more than thirty years have filled the church with strife. But while lacking neither vigor nor fire, his nature was too gentle,—modest almost to timidity; his love for contemplative repose, and his devotion to ministerial work were too deep to permit him to forego his congenial retirement. Thus the villages of Bemerton and Hursley have become sacred spots through their association with these poets of the Sanctuary. It may also be remembered that, though Herbert died at the early age of thirty-nine, and Keble at seventy-four, the 'Christian Year,' like 'The Temple,' was written during the period of comparative youth. The history of the two books is singularly alike. Neither was written with the idea of publication. George Herbert presented his little work to a Mr. Duncan, with the following touching request:—'Sir, I pray, deliver this little book to my dear brother Farrer, and tell him he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed betwixt God and my soul, before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus my Master. Desire him to read it; and then, if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected poor soul, let it be made public,

for I and it are less than the least of God's mercies.' 'Thus meanly did this humble man think of this excellent book.' Some of the poems which are to be found in the 'Christian Year' were written under a variety of circumstances eight or ten years before their publication, and existed in the albums of his most intimate friends. Indeed, Keble had no thought of their appearing during his life, but like Herbert, his plan was 'to go on improving the series all his life, and leave it to come out, if judged useful, only when he should be fairly out of the way.' He, however, yielded to the pressure of friendly advice; he submitted to the judgment of men in whom he had confidence, and published the volume in 1827. Dr. Pusey tells us that Keble 'looked upon it as the work of younger years with which he had no more to do. He called it in his own way "*that book*.'" The immediate popularity of 'The Temple' and of the 'Christian Year' was a surprise. Little did Herbert imagine how fully the Christian Church would prize his unpretentious legacy. He would have been amazed to learn, that in a few years after the first impression had been printed for his select friends, just before 1631,* the circulation of 'The Temple' had attained the then extraordinary number of 20,000 copies. At the present time, we suppose, but few libraries in the United Kingdom are without a copy.

Keble was privileged to live, and watch the progress of an ever-deepening and widening interest in his little book of poems. At the time of his death, ninety-five editions of it had been printed. This surprising popularity was a quiet, natural, unostentatious growth. Neither volume was fostered or thrust into notice by favourable or adverse criticism. Of two centuries ago we may sing with Lowell —

'In the happier days of the Muse
We were luckily free from such things as reviews;
Then nought came between with its fog to make clearer
The heart of the poet to that of his hearer.'

Though the 'Christian Year' ran through three editions in 1827, none of the leading critical journals deigned to review it. The *Quarterly* (to which Keble had already contributed an article on Sacred Poetry)

* A few copies of the first and rarest edition were issued for presentation to the author's friends, without the date.

only gave it a slight welcome in a note. Its merits alone have made it immortal.

Herbert and Keble were both clergymen of the Established Church. They are, therefore, essentially Church poets; their genius was controlled and directed by a profound affection for its usages and ceremonies — to both, the Church was the 'Dear Mother,' the 'Sacred Home.' Coleridge's criticism of Herbert is still more applicable to the author of the 'Christian Year.' 'George Herbert,' he says, 'is a true poet, but a poet *sui generis*, the merits of whose poems will never be felt without a sympathy with the mind and character of the man. To appreciate this volume, it is not enough that the reader possess a cultivated judgment, classical taste, or even poetic sensibility, unless he be likewise a Christian, and both a zealous and an orthodox, both a devout and a devotional Christian. But even this will not quite suffice. He must be an affectionate and dutiful child of the Church, and from habit, conviction, and a constitutional predisposition to ceremoniousness in piety, as in manners, find her forms and ordinances aids of religion, not sources of formality; for religion is the element in which he lives, the region in which he moves.' The accuracy of this dictum every reader has felt. Indeed, the principal difficulty to those without the pale of the Anglican communion is to appreciate that supreme reverence for its rites and usages which pervades all the poems.

Frequently, it is only by enlarging the original sense of the writer's words, until it embraces all sections of the universal Church, that we are enabled to sympathise with the poetical sentiments of the two volumes. But the words of the true poet possess a wider significance and a nobler life than that of which he himself is conscious — they cannot be monopolised; through them, in spite of education and prejudice, the instincts of a common brotherhood assert themselves; and while Non-conformists are justly proud of the majesty of Isaac Watts, and the sustained and noble diction of Philip Doddridge, and Methodists glory in the ethereal beauty, the sweet mysticism, of Charles Wesley, and Episcopalians reverence George Herbert and John Keble, all these poets are the recognised heritage of the common Church.

The resemblances between the poets are thus far apparent; but when we note the distinctive characteristics of each, the parallel ends, the contrasts are very marked. This will be seen as we examine each volume of poems separately. The earlier poet,

Herbert, was but one of a group of remarkable men, with whom, by his residence at Cambridge, his high position, his rare abilities, and his gentle disposition, he was brought into contact. Among his contemporaries at the University, we find such noble names as John Milton, Giles and Phineas Fletcher, Jeremy Taylor, Thomas Adama, Herrick and Fanshawe, Cromwell and Calamy, and Thomas Fuller. His dearest friends were Dr. Donne and Sir Francis Bacon. Ben Jonson, who survived him five years, with the philosopher Hobbes, were his coadjutors in translating a part of the 'Advancement of Learning.' It is doubtful whether he ever saw Shakspeare, as the latter retired from London in 1611, when Herbert was only eighteen years of age. The simple mention of the above names will indicate the powerful influences by which his mind and style were affected. The so-called Elizabethan age of literature was slowly waning; and soon after, in poetry, the pretty and the fantastic replaced the beautiful. Herbert stands between the two periods, and the literary characteristics of the time are reflected in his poems. All things were in a state of transition. The boldness and strength which had marked the lengthened, prosperous reign of the last representative of the house of Tudor, were giving place to the vacillations and follies of the Stuart dynasty. The national life was gradually weakened and corrupted, and the literature revealed that weakness and corruption. Shakspeare was succeeded by poets of the Carew, Suckling, and Lovelace order. In 'The Temple,' we discover lines which the great dramatist himself might have been proud to own, yet connected with ridiculous conceits which rival anything to be found in Cowley or Donne. Many passages might be quoted, massive in strength, yet most beautiful in tenderness.

'My comforts drop and melt away like snow;
I shake my head, and all the thoughts and
ends
Which my fierce youth did bandy, fall and
flow
Like leaves about me, or like summer friends,
Flies of estate and sunshine.'

Again, in another place, he offers this wise and stirring counsel —

'Art thou a magistrate? then be severe:
If studious, copy fair what time hath blurred;
Redeem truth from his jaws: if soldier,
Chase brave employments with a naked sword

Throughout the world. Fool not, for all may
have,
If they dare try, a glorious life or grave.'

Yet in the same poem he descends to such lines as these —

'God gave thy soul brave wings; put not those
feathers
Into a bed to sleep out all weathers.'

George Herbert's excellences and defects are necessarily most prominent in his longest poem, 'The Church Porch.' It is rich in practical wisdom, but frequently expressed in such sententious idiomatic phrase, that it is rather strong-rhymed prose than poetry. He lingers long in the vestibule, before entering the temple, to address some noble words to the motley company there gathered, and from his stern reproofs we infer the common follies and sins of his day. The knowledge of human nature displayed in this poem is remarkable. He had not watched the changeful phases of university and court life, or the steady routine of village ways, to no purpose. There is an exhortation for 'all classes and conditions of men.' The avaricious is told that 'Never was scraper brave man.' Perhaps from no composition in the same space could so many clear-cut, compact sentences, condensed, common-sense maxims, or keen proverbial phrases, be culled as from this short poem. Here are a few specimens. 'Frailty gets pardon by submissiveness.' 'Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie.' 'Wisdom's a trimmer thing than shop e'er gave.' 'Wisdom picks friends, civility plays the rest.' 'Laugh not too much; the witty man laughs least.' In discussion,

'Calmness is great advantage; he that lets
Another chafe may warm him at his fire.'

'Kneeling ne'er spoilt silk stockings.'
Verse like this is sure to accomplish the author's end — 'Find him who a sermon flies.' There is a quaint sweet humour, a racy wit, running through all the poems, little anticipated by those who know the 'country parson' only by his common, but most honourable appellation, 'the Holy George Herbert.' Even amid thoughts the most solemn, a smile is irresistibly created by some odd allusion or far-fetched simile. He was not free from an extreme and often ludicrous quaintness — that literary vice of his age which injured many good writers, and utterly ruined all inferior ones. It was impossible he should escape a temptation

before which other and stronger men succumbed. Shakspeare himself was not a little influenced by it, though with him it was exceptional, while with the men who succeeded him, a fantastic conceit was the highest display of art, the divinest inspiration of the Muse. It was the prominent characteristic of the poets of James' reign. Few of their works, however, now survive. The poetry was conventional, and consequently expired with the age that gave it birth. Ordinary readers of Herbert are perplexed and baffled by his oddities. Ever and anon, passages of sublime and tender beauty, as of a soft autumn sunset, are succeeded by the most incongruous images. It is like following with an increasing admiration the upward sweep of some grand Gothic arch, and then finding the eye and the emotion suddenly arrested by a grinning gargoyle perched aloft. One hardly knows whether to laugh or be indignant. This experience of our author's peculiarity produces a sense of uncertainty and unrest. We fear to yield to the feeling quickened by some exquisite verse, lest a laboured conceit or verbal equivocation should be lying in wait to surprise and annoy us. This is a serious defect in any writing, but especially so in devotional poetry, through which the heart seeks repose. It is also destructive of all the purposes of a religious poem or hymn, if the analogies employed are not immediately apparent, but necessitate considerable, perhaps painful thought to discover the likeness between the objects compared. Passion and pathos demand a rigid simplicity, and are destroyed by ingenuity. Both Herbert and Keble are sometimes wanting in that perfect clearness which we desiderate in sacred poetry. One witty church dignitary baptized the 'Christian Year' his 'Sunday Puzzle.' With Herbert, however, as Coleridge has pointed out, the difficulty is in the thought, 'not in his diction, than which nothing can be more pure, manly, or unaffected.' Concerning Keble, the reverse of this is the fact, as we shall presently see. In the former there is at times a smoothness, an ease of expression which swells into a grand fullness of power; at others, a sweet harmonious cadence, like the steady ripple of a summer brook, proving that Herbert possessed the gift of music as well as poetry. The following hymn shows both his faults and beauties:—

A TRUE HYMN.

'My joy, my life, my crown!
My heart was meaning all the day,
Somewhat it fain would say:

And still it runneth muttering up and down
With only this, "My joy, my life, my crown!"

'Yet slight not these few words;
If truly said, they may take part
Among the best in art.
The fineness which a hymn or psalm affords
Is when the soul unto the lines accords.

'He who craves all the mind,
And all the soul, and strength, and time;
If the words only rhyme,
Justly complains, that somewhat is behind
To make his verse, or write a hymn in kind.

'Whereas if the heart be moved,
Although the verse be somewhat scant,
God doth supply the want:
As when the heart says (sighing to be approved)
"O could I love!" and stops; God writeth —
"Loved."

With all his quaintness and quick, puzzling transitions of thought, Herbert is marvellously superior to many of his contemporaries, one of whom, Sir Thomas Browne, the witty Norwich physician, could thus write * :—

'There will I sit like that industrious flye
Buzzing thy praises.'

'The Temple' may seem wanting in accurate taste, but it is not wanting in genius; and even when most grossly violating the simplest literary canons, a serious purpose and sincere emotion are plainly visible. The reflections are profound, beautiful, and subtle, far more frequently than they are strange. Sometimes taking the form of allegory, the poet's fancies are curious, yet exquisitely sweet. One of the simplest is 'The Poey.' Another worthy of quotation is called 'Peace':—

'Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave
Let me once know.
I sought thee in a secret cave,
And asked, if Peace were there.
A hollow wind did seem to answer, No:
Go seek elsewhere.

'I did; and going did a rainbow note:
Surely, thought I,
This is the lace of Peace's coat:
I will search out the matter.
But while I looked, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

"Then went I to a garden, and did spy
A gallant flower,
The crown imperial: Sure, said I,

* Religio Medici.

- Peace at the root must dwell.
But when I digged, I saw a worm devour
What showed so well.
- ' At length I met a reverend good old man :
Whom when for Peace
I did demand, he thus began ;
There was a Prince of old
At Salem dwelt, who lived with good in-
crease
Of flock and fold.
- ' He sweetly lived ; yet sweetness did not
save
His life from foes,
But after death out of his grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat :
Which many wondering at, got some of those
To plant and set.
- ' It prospered strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth :
For they that taste it do rehearse
That virtue lies therein ;
A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth
By flight of sin.
- ' Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you ;
Make bread of it : and that repose
And peace, which everywhere
With so much earnestness you do pursue,
Is only there.'

Among the most familiar of Herbert's poems are those entitled, 'Church Music' and 'Man.' The former is appreciated by every lover of that divine art — the latter strangely anticipated, if it did not give rise to some of the modern theories concerning man's place in nature. It is a splendid piece of religious philosophy, worthy the companion of Bacon. Yet its burden is the same as many chapters of Pascal's grand fragmentary relic on 'The Greatness and Misery of Man.' But perhaps the most popular are the well-known lines on 'Sunday ;' undoubtedly the finest poem on that subject in our language, and destined to endure as long as the day it commemorates. The melody of church bells rings in it, and the gentle exhilaration, the subdued glory, the peaceful, yet joyous, repose of a village Sabbath — 'day most calm, most bright' — belong to it. Happy the man whose thoughts are in harmony with such holy words. It is impossible to study the devout breathings of this poet, so full of reverent earnestness, without being stirred to higher moods of feeling, and to aspirations after a diviner life. We are conscious of the warm pulsing heart of a man eager for faith and purity and Christ, beneath all the quaintness

and the mysticism ; and his words linger long in our memories, and form the language of our devoutest prayers. In a word, Herbert wins our strongest affection, and no praise sounds extravagant in the ear of love.

Immediately we compare Keble with the author of 'The Temple,' considerable diversity is evident. The former lacks many of those characteristic qualities by which Herbert is conspicuous. We do not find in the 'Christian Year' any of that sententiousness, practical wisdom, keen wit, or quaintness, which we have remarked in the earlier poet. Moreover, the poetry is not so subjective. The expression of personal experience, joy and sorrow, assurance and despair, aspiration and doubt, is of a totally different kind. The man himself is not so apparent. We do not see, we are not permitted to see, the manifold intricate movements of an individual soul. While certain phases of thought and emotion are carefully and accurately described, there is a vague generality about them. Most of the poems in 'The Temple,' are like the fervent meditations of a recluse, the spontaneous utterance of intense feeling, as though his experience 'did make him write.' But many of Keble's poems impress us with the idea of a foregone purpose, of an audience of whom the writer was conscious, and to whom he, preacher-like, addressed his words. The facts harmonise with the impression. He wrote for 'the Church' and its members. Some of the poems were indeed the result of pure inspiration and personal feeling ; but many were adapted, as the preface states, 'to the successive portions of the Liturgy ;' and then, to give a completeness to the whole, poems were specially composed to celebrate the annual festivals and fasts authorized by the Prayer Book. Consequently, there is a hard, mechanical, forced character about some of them, which prevents the outflow of the reader's sympathy. The text, as with many sermons, instead of being the root out of which the poem should spring, is often but an adjunct, an after thought, and so little connected with the sentiment as to mislead and perplex. The themes, too, upon which by his plan he was compelled to write, were not all suited to his peculiar genius, while some were utterly unworthy of it. The political service-hymns are especially strained and unnatural. Only a Tory among Tories, an Anglican of Anglicans, could have written those extravagant, sentimental verses upon 'King Charles the Martyr : ' —

'And there are aching solitary breasts,
Whose widow'd walk with thought of thee
is cheer'd,
Our own, our royal saint; thy memory rests
On many a prayer, the more for thee en-
dear'd.

'True son of our dear Mother, early taught
With her to worship and for her to die;
Nurs'd in her aisles to more than kingly
thought,
Oft in her solemn hours we dream thee
nigh.

'For thou didst love to trace her daily lore,
And where we look for comfort or for calm;
Over the self-same lines to bend and pour
Thy heart with hers in some victorious
psalm.'

This may be poetry, but is certainly not historical truth. We hold that Macaulay was far nearer to the truth of things when he wrote, 'Charles was not only a most unscrupulous, but a most unlucky dissembler. There never was a politician to whom so many frauds and falsehoods were brought home by undeniable evidence. . . . To such an extent, indeed, had insincerity now tainted the King's whole nature, that his most devoted friends could not refrain from complaining to each other, with bitter grief and shame, of his crooked politics. His defeats, they said, gave them less pain than his intrigues.' * Keble wrote in 1827, when Hume was an authority, before impartial history was known. 'It is a pity that the 'Christian Year' is defaced by such poems. Now that public opinion has changed, and the State services have been eliminated from the Prayer Book, there is no need to retain the hymns.

It was, however, this determined effort to commemorate in verse every event ordained by the Church, that 'cribbed, cabined, and confined' an imagination capable of the noblest, freest flights. Archbishop Whately characteristically described him as 'an eagle in chains.' Keble is wanting also in that intensity of devotional emotion which is so passionately expressed in George Herbert. He lacks that rushing, torrent-like force of feeling which most minds have experienced in exalted spiritual moods. But this was intentional. It was announced in the preface, that the 'chief purpose' of the poems was to exhibit the 'soothing tendency of the Prayer Book.' He composed upon principles enunciated by himself two years previous to the appearance of the 'Christian Year.' In a genial review of the

'Star in the East,' by Josiah Conder, contributed to the *Quarterly* in 1825, Keble says, meeting an objection raised against poetry of a sober order:—

'If grave, simple, sustained melodies—if tones of deep but subdued emotion are what our minds naturally suggest to us upon the mention of sacred music, why should there not be something analogous—a kind of plain chant in sacred poetry also—sergent, yet sober; awful but engaging; neither wild and passionate, nor light and airy; but such as we may with submission presume to be the most acceptable offering in its kind, as being indeed the truest expression of the best state of the affections. To many, perhaps, to most men, a tone of more violent emotion may sound at first more attractive. But before we indulge such a preference, we should do well to consider, whether it is quite agreeable to that spirit which alone can make us worthy readers of sacred poetry. "*ἐνθεον ἢ ποιητικόν*" it is true; there must be rapture and inspiration, but these will naturally differ in their character, as the powers do from whom they proceed. The worshippers of Baal may be rude and frantic in their cries and gestures; but the true prophet, speaking to or of the true God, is all dignity and calmness.'

In answer to the numerous questionable statements with which the above extract is crowded, it is sufficient to cite the highest of all poetical compositions—the Psalms and Prophecies, in which we perceive that the richest effusions of God's inspired servants find utterance in the impetuosity of some grand passion. To meet the universal want, and express the universal heart, the sacred poet must feel, and then describe, in words glowing like flakes of fire, those raptures and agonies which sway men of strong impulses in the great crises of their history. George Herbert has done this, Keble has not.

Hence we think has sprung the charge of vagueness, diffusiveness, dreaminess. Some critics, both public and private, have even characterized the languor which pervades a few of the poems as enervated sentimentality. It is true that happy, forceful, rememberable phrases do not often occur; the language is too highly classical, too delicately polished, to win popular suffrages; yet such a condemnation is a wild and random one. Keble sacrifices strength to grace; but that he could sound an arousing note, the following lines, which have found their way into some hymn-books, distinctly declare:—

'Ye who your Lord's commission bear,
His way of mercy to prepare:

* History of England, vol. 1. page 125.

Angels he calls ye; be your strife
To lead on earth an angel's life.

'Think not of rest, though dreams be sweet,
Start up and ply your heavenward feet.
Is not God's oath upon your head,
Ne'er to sink back on slothful bed,
Never again your loins untie,
Nor let your torches waste and die, —
Till, when the shadows thickest fall,
Ye hear your Master's midnight call?'

Closely connected with this, comes the assertion that Keble is both mystical and obscure; with some minds the terms are synonymous. Having no faculty whereby to appreciate a mystic, they suspect his sanity, or test his musings by laws of logic. Yet every great thinker has realized the inevitable mysticism which envelopes all sublime doctrines, and belongs to all spiritual yearnings, touching as they do the infinite, being at once both human and divine. It is a glorified haze, as of the rising moon shining through dewy mists; beautiful and suggestive, by the light which is partially revealed and partially obscured — a commingling of the darkness of earth and the brightness of heaven. In Keble's own words: —

'Tis misty all, both sight and sound,
I only know 'tis fair and sweet;
'Tis wandering on enchanted ground,
With dizzy brow and tottering feet.'

Critics who accuse their authors of want of clearness thereby frequently proclaim their own superficiality or deficiency. Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' still 'proves nothing' to a certain order of mind. The true poet knows the unspeakable difficulty of embodying in definite language those impalpable, yet most real spiritual cravings, which are begotten of God. (It must be freely admitted, that to comprehend and appreciate the 'Christian Year,' both brains and study are required: there is obscurity; but, as was said of Milton, in answer to a similar charge, it is such an obscurity as is a compliment to the reader.)

The writer of the sketch of Mr. Keble's life, which appeared in the *Times*, shortly after his death, must be nearly related to that intelligent critic of Tennyson, so mercifully flagellated by Robertson, of Brighton. From the same pen proceed blessing and cursing — contradictions of the most amazing character. 'Thirty-nine years ago,' he says, 'came out the "Christian Year," than which no book of modern times has come nearer to what we may call a divine work.'

Again: 'it will survive and be the Church of England's manual of meditative poetry for centuries to come.' Higher praise (for is it not prophetic?) the most enthusiastic Anglican devotee could not offer. But he proceeds: —

'If we venture to say that the "Christian Year" is too exclusively the manual of well-educated Church people, we must take a test. Let that test be the cleverest girl in a national school, the teacher — perhaps we might say the schoolmistress. Can she use these meditations intelligently, easily and usefully, even with every favouring circumstance? We fear not! Out of more than a hundred poems, only twenty are not absolutely obscure; though, even in this case, we should expect such a person as we have supposed, to read them with some fixed and inveterate misunderstanding of the text. There are about fifteen more, that such a person would master with more difficulty, and even less success. More than seventy are really only meant (!) for people who, with a little aid, could make out the train of thought in a Greek chorus.'

Yet this extremely obscure book, comprehended only by a privileged few, is 'to be the Church of England's manual of meditative poetry for centuries to come!' The writer of this prophetic revelation is certainly very complimentary either to Keble or the intelligence of national schoolmistresses. The members of that Church must be marvellously conservative, or marvellously stupid in this critic's eyes; since, for centuries to come, they will tenaciously adhere to a book which he has arithmetically demonstrated to be practically worthless. What can his notion be of a 'Divine work?' We think it sufficient, simply, yet emphatically, to protest against such criticism as foolish, reckless, and untrue. That there are technical faults not a few, the author himself was fully aware — no one more so; and had he ventured in later years to touch his work with a revising hand, doubtless many a passage now the object of complaint, because not easy at once to apprehend, would have become luminous and plain. But the universal verdict of his wisest friends is, that Keble did well to refrain attempting any alteration of the original. It remains therefore, with all its defects and excellencies, just what it was in 1827.

The differences between George Herbert and John Keble, are not only in the form and style, but in the whole matter and substance of their poems. The former — as we have already remarked — sings of the struggles and victories, hopes and fears, with which his own heart was intimately con-

cerned; the latter is pre-eminently the Christian interpreter of Nature. He sees glimpses of the infinite meaning of her various and changeful moods, and strives in living words to utter the thing he sees. He is a devout student of her many mysteries, and he stands humbled by her great and glorious presence : —

'Of the bright things in earth and air
How little can the heart embrace!
Soft shades and gleaming lights are there —
I know it well, but cannot trace.

'Mine eye unworthy seems to read
One page of Nature's beauteous book;
It lies before me, fair outspread —
I only cast a wishful look.

'I cannot paint to memory's eye
The scene, the glance, I dearest love,
Unchanged themselves, in me they die,
Or faint or false their shadows prove.

'In vain with dull and tuneless ear,
I linger by soft music's cell;
And in my heart of hearts would hear
What to her own she deigns to tell.'

It is to such reverent worshippers Nature unveils her hidden sweetness, and tells her holiest secrets. In all his poems, we can easily see that Keble was remarkable for an overflowing, almost passionate affection for Nature; he yielded to her subduing influences until they penetrated and impregnated every thought. He could not be happy without her. He watched for the 'tender lights' which 'dawn or die' on her loved features, as fondly as ever enraptured lover gazed into his mistress's eyes. But it was not only for himself; he beheld, noted, and interpreted for us, 'the stormy lights on mountain streams wavering and broken, the richest glow which ever sets around the autumnal sun,' the tender flower,

'Embosomed in the greenest glade,
So frail a gem, it scarce may bear
The playful touch of evening air.

In lines like the following, we learn how capable was the poet's gentle heart of sympathising with the fiercest tumult of storms : —

'They know the Almighty's power,
Who, wakened by the rushing midnight shower,
Watch for the fitful breeze
To howl and chafe amid the bending trees,
Watch for the still white gleam
To bathe the landscape in a fiery stream,

Touching the tremulous eye with sense of light
Too rapid and too pure for all but angel sight.

'They know the Almighty's love,
Who, when the whirlwinds rock the topmost grove
Stand in the shade, and hear
The tumult with a deep exulting fear;
How, in their fiercest sway,
Curbed by some power unseen, they die away
Like a bold steed, that owns his rider's arm,
Proud to be checked and soothed by that o'er-mastering charm.'

But Keble was more than a word-painter of landscapes; visible and familiar scenes were, to him, types of spiritual, invisible realities. Through the medium of his imagination, he beheld Nature as a parable, rich with eternal truth, and attempted to expound the intimate connection of human emotion with the transient or more permanent beauties displayed in the material world. Sometimes their lessons were a stern rebuke, at other times a glowing reflex of common thoughts and moods. The verses for the First Sunday after Epiphany give us a clear idea of the soothing influence exerted on the poet's own nature by what he so exquisitely depicts. It is said that the scenery described in this poem is that around Burthorpe and East Leech, two parishes of which he had the charge shortly after maintaining orders.

The poem on the Lilies, and the first portion of that for the Fourth Sunday after Trinity, are of the same class, and take rank as the finest of the whole collection. The latter especially displays all that graceful culture, pure taste, profound learning, extensive sympathy, and religious apprehension of Nature's teachings, which have made the 'Christian Year' the prized companion of so many refined minds. The tendency to discover symbolistic teaching everywhere is sometimes carried to a dangerous extreme; now and then the poet's fancy gallops with a loose rein: but, taking the whole volume as a specimen of sacred poetry, it is without doubt the purest this century has produced. It is impossible to estimate the debt in which Keble has thereby involved the present and last generations; especially is that high ecclesiastical party, with which from the first he was so completely identified, under a heavy burden of obligation to him. In the early part of the century, intellect was divorced from piety; religious emotion was held synonymous with hypocrisy or methodism. The Evangelicals of the Established Church, then few, feeble

and insignificant, found an expression for their spiritual feelings in the hymns of Cowper, Toplady, Watts, and the Wesleys. But a barren impassivity, a dreary, dead formalism, a frozen intellectuality, prevailed at Oxford, and among the class which Oxford represented. It was given to Keble, by his 'Christian Year,' to do for the high Church party what the Wesleys, by their original hymns and translations, had done for large numbers of the comparatively uneducated in the latter part of the preceding century. The way had been somewhat prepared by Wordsworth, Coleridge, and the school of which they were, if not the founders, yet the most prominent and illustrious members. The teachings, and perhaps more, the undefined influence of these two splendidly-gifted men, were silently but irresistibly moulding the minds of the foremost young thinkers of the University, among whom were Newman, Arnold, Keble. A nobler life was slowly stirring. A determined reaction against the remorseless materialism of the past age had set in, and was quietly gathering strength to sweep it utterly away. It was upon this rising and deepening tide that the 'Christian Year' was so rapidly carried forward to its proud success. It met and uttered the unconscious cravings to which the poetry of the new school had given birth. The best teachings of Wordsworth and Coleridge, their insight into Nature's meaning and message, their intense appreciation of her manifold loveliness, their reverence for the passions of human hearts, were all combined in Keble, with those higher truths which are the very essence of religion. While, however, we have no sympathy with some of the manifestations of that newly-awakened life, and especially regard those developments which are variously called Tractarian, Puseyitical, Ritualistic, as detrimental to the spiritual life of the individual, and a disaster to the nation itself; while we repudiate its many unscriptural doctrines, and repel its vain and arrogant assumptions, we cannot but recognize that from that period a revived, powerful spirit of earnestness, an aspiration after a nobler ideal, began to exhibit itself. The admiration, enthusiasm, affection, reverence, and loyalty with which the High Church section have universally regarded the author of the 'Christian Year' are, therefore, no cause for surprise — the wonder would be if he were esteemed less.

But the influence exerted by this little work of sacred poems is still more extensive. It is a beautiful protest against many practices and dogmas prevalent in our time.

Never was it more needed than now. Absorbed in practical pursuits beyond any former period, with popular philosophers striving to shut God out of his own universe, by ingenious theories and a cruel logic; eager to narrow men's intellects, and ruin all spiritual endeavour by destroying faith in the Unseen, confining thought and interest to phenomena alone, reducing everything to a gross, revolting materialism, men need some wise, holy, reverent teacher to uplift the veil, and reveal the divine — that inner glory from which the outward derives all its grace, and strength, and worth. This Keble has sought to do.

It is to Keble, also, we are indebted for a powerful declaration of the sanctity of ordinary life and common things. Frequently accused of sympathy with the peculiar tenets of Romanism (from which charge his friends cannot clear him) he nevertheless was no advocate for monastic or conventual seclusion. Life, with its duties, loves, disappointments, joys, was a holy thing, if well spent. The possibility of sanctity amid the deafening turmoil and stress of business, is finely put, in the poem entitled, *St. Matthew* — those verses beginning,

'But Love's a flower that will not die
For lack of leafy screen,' &c.

Also in the *Morning Hymn* :

'We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbours and our work farewell;
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky.

'The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.'

We may compare with this George Herbert's simple poem, 'The Elixir,' embodying the same truth.

'Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

'All may of Thee partake,
Nothing can be so mean,
Which, with this tincture, "for Thy sake,"
Will not grow bright and clean.

'A servant, with this clause,
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.

'This is the famous stone,
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own,
Cannot for less be told.'

If ever and anon a tone of dissatisfaction with earthly realities sounds in Keble's poems, it is in harmony with the voice of all who have felt the perplexing mystery of life. Perhaps the sad condition of humanity — its sins, infirmities, and unrest — is sometimes contrasted with the quiet and purity of nature, at the expense of the former. There is a tendency in poets of Keble's order to exalt nature above man. But to us it is hardly doubtful whether an imperfect man is not supremely preferable to Nature with all her model perfectness.

Various other characteristics of the 'Christian Year' might be pointed out. The profound erudition so carefully concealed; the strange accuracy with which the scenery of Palestine is depicted, strange because he had never travelled there; the fondness evinced for the beauties of English landscape and our general quiet home life —

'Homely scenes and simple views,
Lowly thoughts will best infuse' —

the fulness of scriptural knowledge displayed, and the beauty, the elegance with which biblical images and allusions are woven into the texture of the poems; the personal appeal to our most sacred experiences, and the delicate description of the most subtle phases of human feeling; the tender regard for all weakness, and sympathy with all sorrow, the tone of warm, brotherly affection,

Herbert's.

'The God of love my Shepherd is,
And He that doth me feed:
While He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want, or need?

'He leads me to the tender grass,
Where I both feed and rest;
Then to the streams that gently pass:
In both I have the best.

'Or, if I stray, He doth convert
And bring my mind in frame;
And all this, not for my desert,
But for His Holy Name.

'Yea, in death's shady black abode,
Well may I walk — not fear;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
To guide, Thy staff to bear.

'— who loves the Lord aright,
No soul of man can worthless find;
All will be precious in His sight,
Since Christ on all hath shined;—

the simple faith, the submissive acquiescence in the Divine will, the unbounded reverence and child-like love for the Great Master, will all endear this unpretentious little volume to intelligent Christian minds. Dr. Arnold's judgment of some of the poems, written in a letter to Sir J. T. Coleridge (then Mr. Coleridge) before they were published, has been endorsed by numberless readers. 'It is my firm opinion,' he said, 'that nothing equal to them exists in our language; the wonderful knowledge of Scripture, the purity of heart, and the richness of poetry, I never saw paralleled.'

We cannot notice at any length the other poetical works of this rare mind. After the completion of the 'Christian Year,' Keble devoted himself to the production of a metrical version of the Psalms of David, adhering with scrupulous fidelity to the original. It need hardly be said that he failed to produce a popular one. The extreme difficulty of rendering into acceptable English the peculiarities of the Hebrew, every scholar knows. The Psalter published, we believe, in 1839, with 'very great misgiving and reluctance,' (see preface) is still unknown to hundreds who prize the 'Christian Year.'

As we have compared Herbert and Keble in other poems, we will quote in parallel lines their version of the twenty-third Psalm, premising that we think it one of the best of Keble's rendering:—

Keble's.

'My Shepherd is the Lord; I know
No care or craving need;
He lays me where the green herbs grow
Along the quiet mead.

'He leads me where the waters glide —
The waters soft and still —
And homewards he will gently guide
My wandering heart and will.

'He brings me on the righteous path
Even for His name's dear sake —
What if in vale and shade of death,
My dreary way I take?

'I fear no ill, for Thou, O God,
With me for ever art;
Thy shepherd's staff, Thy guiding rod,—
'Tis they console my heart.

'Nay, Thou dost make me sit and dine
E'en in my enemies' sight;
My head with oil, my cup with wine,
Runs over day and night.

'Surely Thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my days;
And as it never shall remove,
So neither shall my praise.'

'For me Thy board is richly spread
In sight of all my foes,
Fresh oil of Thine embalms my head,
My cup of grace o'erflows.

'O nought but love and mercy wait
Through all my life on me;
And I within my Father's gate,
For long bright years shall be.'

The 'Lyra Innocentium: Thoughts in verse on Christian Children, their Ways and their Privileges,' was published in 1846. It is far from being well-known or popular, and it has not yet had an opportunity to be judged on its true poetical merits. When first presented to the public, the Established Church was profoundly agitated by the Tractarian controversy and the recent defection of Dr. Newman, and as Keble was a notable champion in that movement, eager opponents scanned the pages of the 'Lyra,' not to discover poetical beauties, but theological heresies, while sympathising adherents praised it in the most exaggerated terms. Another cause of its unpopularity is a curious misunderstanding of its purpose, as if it had been written for children, instead of which the author said, 'According to the first idea of this little volume, it would have proved a sort of "Christian Year" for teachers and nurses, and others who are much employed about children.' It is, indeed, full of tenderness for the little ones, and affection is kindled towards the childless man who so loved child-nature, and had so true an insight into it. He wrote so well, because he was himself a child of the Kingdom.

Looked at from a literary or poetical aspect, we think it worthy to rank with the 'Christian Year'—there are poems as exquisite in sentiment, and more complete in artistic structure. We must, however, content ourselves with quoting a sonnet—in our judgment, almost perfect; it is called,

'DEATH OF THE NEW-BAPTIZED.

'What purer brighter sight on earth, than when
The Sun looks down upon a drop of dew,
Hid in some nook from all but Angels' ken,
And with his radiance bathes it through
And through,
Then into realms too clear for our frail view
Exhales and draws it with absorbing love?
And what if Heaven therein give token true
Of grace that new-born dying infants
prove.*
Just touched with Jesus' light, then lost in
joys above?'

* Would not all 'dying infants prove' the same grace, whether baptized or not?

Since the death of Mr. Keble, renewed attention has been drawn to the theological sentiments of his poetry. The prominent position which, on account of his sympathies, he was compelled to take in the Oxford movement, did not hinder the continued and extensive circulation of the 'Christian Year' among those who were avowedly adherents of a more evangelic faith. Though deploring and denouncing the extreme views he endorsed, they were not prepared to reject the purer fruits of his devout genius. The taint of Sacramentarianism is very slight; objectionable doctrines are not obtruded. Keble then advocated a 'sound rule of faith and a sober standard of feeling in matters of practical religion.' He appealed to the universal Christian heart, therefore doctrine is hinted at, not elaborated. We cannot affirm that he did not hold those tenets which his maturer convictions defended,—this we may hope to learn from the expected biography; at least the poem on Gunpowder Treason distinctly shows that his sympathy with the Reformed Protestant Church was greater at the time the 'Christian Year' was published, than during any later period of his life. Then there was little of that wistful longing for the Roman communion which so painfully betrayed itself in after days. He saw her errors, and mourned over them; her garments were stained with 'many a martyr's blood.' He could not brook the devotion offered at her altars to 'saint and angel.'

Purgatory was a fiction,

'The lurid mist is o'er,
That shew'd the righteous suffering still
Upon the eternal shore.'

The Romish Church was indeed recognized as a 'sister,' but a fallen one; the English was incomparably purer.

'Her gentle teaching sweetly blends
With the clear light of Truth.'

The former taught the false doctrine of the Real Presence, the latter rejected that dogma; and it was Keble's privilege to invite to a truer fellowship.

'O come to our Communion Feast;
There present in the heart,
Not in the hands, the eternal Priest
Will His true self impart.'

Doubtless he held, but did not make very prominent, the pernicious doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration.

'A few calm words of faith and prayer,
A few bright drops of holy dew,
Shall work a wonder there
Earth's charmers never knew.'

We may also discover a reverence for some mysterious, impalpable, abstract entity, called 'the Church,' which is utterly independent of the members composing it, which soothes and upholds them, and offers supplication on their behalf.

'Hear them, kind Saviour — hear Thy spouse
Low at Thy feet renew her vows:
Thine own dear promise she would plead
For us her true but fallen seed.'

We confess ourselves unable to comprehend how any society, Church, or nation, can exist distinct from the men and women who form its component parts. But the High Church mind which can acknowledge a real body and real blood, in substances which all the senses prove to be simply bread and wine, will make little of our perplexity. The doctrine must be labelled 'Mystery,' and so an end be put to all inconvenient questioning.

The development towards Romanist doctrines rapidly advanced during the years which intervened between 1827 and 1846, as was evidenced by Keble's connection with those ecclesiastical firebrands, the Tracts, and the general tenor of the 'Lyra Innocentium.' Sacramentarianism is wrought into the very texture of this second volume of poems. Nearly all the ridiculous and false assumptions of the Ultra-Ritualistic party of the present day are to be found in it. We should be grieved to accuse Mr. Keble of sympathy with the fooleries and vulgar vanities of men who are apeing the vain splendours of Rome, and seeking to flourish beneath the protection of the great authority and name of the author of the 'Christian Year;' but we cannot deny that 'the great Catholic Revival,' as it is called, has received no little assistance from the teachings of the 'Lyra.' In that book, wearisome stress is laid upon the supreme value of 'the Font of Life,' 'the regenerating wave,' 'the Baptismal dew.' The supernatural endowment of the Priesthood is maintained.

'A mortal youth I saw
Nigh to God's altar draw,
And lowly kneel, while o'er him pastoral hands
Were spread with many a prayer,
And when he rose up there,
He could undo or bind the dread celestial bands.'

The Intercession of Angels is admitted in the poem called 'Lifting up to the Cross,' where a mother, who has raised her unconscious babe to kiss the lips of a dead image of the Crucified, utters the hope that the child's good angel 'will strive for me in prayer.' The purpose of the whole poem is to declare the benefit derivable from the material crosses. The Virgin Mary is 'the spotless mother,' first of 'creatures' —

'A royal Virgin evermore, heavenly and undefiled.'

She, too, will intercede. To a child who has lost her mother, he offers this comfort: —

'Thy vision — whose chides may blame
The instinctive teachings of the altar flame —
Shows thee above, in yon ethereal air,
A holier Mother, rapt in more prevailing prayer.'

In a poem excluded from the 'Lyra,' but privately circulated among Anglicans and Catholics, Keble offers devotion to 'the Blessed Lady.' In the words of a Catholic contemporary,* 'fain would he rest in her shadow, kneel unto her, call her blessed, "magnify the Lord" with her, and if she is not adored in England, yet he and his are seeking —

'day by day the love and fear
Which brings thee with all saints, near and more near.'

The stanzas which follow are, in our judgment, as fine as, if not finer than, anything that ever came from the author's pen; but though it might be fair to quote them, we would rather forbear. They put forward the inseparable connection between the Mother and the Son in the fullest way, and ground the devotion of Christians to her on that union. Whenever we kneel to pray (he says) we may, *unblamed*, "greet thy glories," and repeat the seraph's welcome, "Hail, Mary, full of grace!" We have been unable to obtain a copy of these remarkable verses, to verify the statement for ourselves; but remaining uncontradicted, we are compelled to accept it as correct. It may well be said to indicate 'a great advance on ordinary Anglican notions with

* *The Month*, May 1866. London.

regard to our Blessed Lady and devotion to her.* Not so did George Herbert write. It was, as he is careful to tell us, 'no envy or maliciousness, no want of reverence, that prevented his craving the 'special aid' of Mary and all angels and saints; but because —

'Our King,
Whom we do all jointly adore and praise,
Bids no such thing,' . . .

'All worship is prerogative, and a flower
Of His rich crown, from whom lies no appeal

At the last hour :
Therefore we dare not from His garland steal
To make a posy for inferior power.'

The one poet shall answer the other; we simply ask the prophet's stern question, 'Will a man rob God?'

But we have to notice a further and later development of doctrine. In the original version of the poem on 'Gunpowder Treason,' it has been shown that Keble rejected the teaching of the Romish Church on several cardinal points, in favour of the English. The comparison maintained throughout means nothing, if not this. No assertion against the Real Objective Presence could be more decisive than the phrase 'Not in the hands.' Every one accepted the statement in that sense; the Protestant with satisfaction — the Romanist with indignation. Keble's belief about the dogma seems either to have changed or become more distinctly defined; still, the phrase remained, and was frequently 'cited as expressing his matured conviction *against* the doctrine.' No protest, no ingenuity of explanation availed; people would not interpret the words in a non-natural sense, and it was not until a few days before his death that an alteration was determined upon. On March 6, 1866, he thus wrote: 'I have made up my mind that it will be best, when a reprint is called for, to adopt —'s emendation and note, with a few words pointing out that it does but express more directly the true meaning of the present text.' The emendation is very slight in phrase, but radically important in meaning:—

'O come to our Communion Feast;
There present in the heart,
As in the hands, th' eternal Priest
Will his true self impart.'

The change of 'Not' into 'As' produces a distinct declaration of the Real Objective

Presence. The alteration has enkindled strong, and, in some cases, bitter feeling. While Dr. Pusey and his friends are eager to prove that Keble's mind was perfectly clear at the time of his final decision, and are jubilant at the result, others indignantly maintain that the emendation was not his own, was adopted in consequence of extreme pressure; that he was even 'goaded' into taking the step. We who stand without, who accepted the 'Christian Year' with gratitude, as a noble contribution from the Established Church to our devotional literature, as an aid to our spiritual life; who felt that through its pages of hallowed thoughts we could hold communion with thousands of pious hearts, whose prejudices and convictions otherwise separate us most widely, we are now compelled to confess, with a reluctance akin to pain, that the memory of this most disastrous change must inevitably chill the warmth of our affection, destroy the future influence of the book, and cause that which was formerly the heritage of the universal Church to become the property of a section of a sect.

It is not our purpose now to refute the doctrine, we only record with unaffected sorrow the pitiable fact; and we can but express our firm belief that common sense will despise the thin theological distinction some strive to make between the gross, Carnal Presence, and another Real Objective Presence in the elements. Believing worshippers and sturdy opponents alike will recognize no difference. The former will render homage to bread and wine as to the Christ, the latter will denounce all such teaching as blasphemous idolatry.

Dr. Pusey has, by quotations from George Herbert's poems, attempted to show that he also held the doctrine which Keble latterly believed. We admit that he can do this with apparent success, if all his expressions are literally received. This, however, will involve no little difficulty; for what will he make of such a sentence as that contained in chapter twenty-two of 'A Priest to the Temple'? 'The Country Parson being to administer the 'Sacrament, is at a stand with himself, how or what behaviour to assume for so holy things. Especially at Communion times, he is in a great confusion, as being not only to receive God, but to break and administer Him.' Did Herbert believe that God, who is 'One and Indivisible,' could be broken? Does not the very exuberance of his language intimate that it must be read in a figurative and not literal sense? We cannot guarantee the theological accuracy of every poem. He is more

* *The Month*, May, 1866. London.

unguarded than the controversies of the time would allow us to be. Usually, however, readers do not anticipate measured, systematic utterance from a religious poet. But if any are absurd enough to confound symbols with facts, types with the things typified, they may easily write down George Herbert a Sacramentarian, and every other man who ventures without qualification to employ the words of our Lord.

This is evident, either he believed in the bold doctrine of transubstantiation, or his phrases must be symbolically understood. Any way, the peculiar definiteness of his language shows that he never maintained that vague ultra-refined theory of the Real Presence which Dr. Pusey and his school have sought to render intelligible to practical English minds. Evangelical sentiment and feeling pervade George Herbert's poems; and in one place, singing of the Divine love, he says:—

'Love is that liquor sweet and most Divine
Which my God feels as blood, but I, as wine.'—
(*The Agony.*)

Add to this his abhorrence of the Church on the Hills which 'wantonly allureth,' as expressed in 'the British Church;' his approval and commendation of Juan de Valde's 'CX. Considerations,' thanking God 'that in the midst of Popery he should open the eyes of one to understand and express so clearly and excellently the intent of the Gospel,' and we see at least how difficult it is to believe that he held a tenet so distinctively Romanist as the Real Presence. It is pitiable to find a man like Dr. Pusey scraping together odds and ends of sentences from the works of venerable and beloved authors, on which he may erect, with a deceptive show of reason and authority, the false, profane doctrine on which his mind is so strangely set. In both poets, there was, doubtless, the recognition of a spurious sacerdotalism, which we, as Protestant Nonconformists, not only reject, but regard as most pernicious and deadly in its influence. While rejoicing that poetic catholicity reveals a glorious, deep-seated unity in Christian life and experience, which binds around the throne of God divergent intellects, and will eventually swell into the new song, we cannot forget that the Catholic, both Anglo and Roman, repudiates union with all who are in the sense of a narrow organization *extra ecclesiam*. The Ritualists regard 'Dissent as religion wanting in every saving element.' Our spiritual aspirations are to them a sham, a mockery, a feeble

apeing of their sanctity. Some treat us as excommunicate, and therefore eternally doomed; while others hope, ('charitable souls!') by some unrevealed mysterious process, all will not be ultimately lost. Still, in spite of fierce anathema and imbecile pity, must we hold on our way, daring to maintain the reality of our filial relation to God apart from 'Holy mother Church,' or 'white-robed priest.' We offer our meed of homage to the genius and piety of Herbert and Keble, but we cannot, for all our admiration and love, consent to their errors.

From the Saturday Review.

MOCK HOLLAND HOUSE.

EVER since Lord Macaulay wrote his eloquent panegyric on "that house once celebrated for its rare attractions to the furthest ends of the civilized world," the resort of wits and beauties, philosophers and scholars, where "the men who guided the politics of Europe, and moved great assemblies by reason and eloquence, were mixed with all that was loveliest and gayest in the society of the most splendid of capitals," it has been a pet ambition of the female bosom to preside over a similar institution. Holland House remains to this day the beacon and the despair of ladies who want to associate their names with what is called "an agreeable house." Yet very few of them seem to have made any thing like a scientific study of their great model. It may be useful, therefore, to point out its principal characteristics. Three things combined to make Holland House what it was. The first was its prestige. From Addison to Fox, it had been the abode or resort of men famous in literature and politics. No spot in London was more thoroughly classical ground. Its traditions raised, as it were, a presumption of the social charm with which it was invested. Secondly, it was throughout regulated with exquisite taste. The ostentation of wealth was utterly eschewed. Nothing gaudy or garish found admission there, but much that was rich, elegant, and picturesque. No staring accessories threw wit and humour and conversational talent into the shade. The place was pervaded with a tone of subdued splendour which made a suitable background for the brilliant men and women who assembled in it. Thirdly, there was what Lord Macaulay calls the "peculiar character" of the circle, that in it every talent and accomplishment, every

art and science, had its place. It was this well-assorted variety in the guests which made the gatherings at Holland House unlike any others. They were not mere fortuitous concurrences of atoms, like parties given on the unenlightened or Philistine principle. Still less did they resemble parties given on the monotonous principle, like the political receptions of the present day. It was left for Tory ladies to invent the theory which has weighed like an incubus on their social efforts for half a century, that, as are my lord's politics, so shall my lady's visiting list be. Nor are they to be confounded with parties given on what may be called the Leo-Hunter principle, which consists of driving a lot of notabilities together into one room. It was the aim of Holland House not merely to assemble remarkable people, but people remarkable in all sorts of different ways. Every talent and accomplishment was to be represented, every art and science was to contribute its quota. The poet should meet the painter, the soldier should exchange ideas with the statesman. It was this contact of minds trained in different careers and exercised on various objects which constituted its speciality. No doubt Holland House had its set, but it was a set in which great contrasts were included, and which was perpetually assimilating some fresh element of interest. These three "notes" of the great original must co-exist in any attempt to reproduce it with success. There must be some sort of prestige to start with. It need not, of course, be local. Houses in which Addison has lived are difficult to find. The traditions of Belgrave Square are not very inspiring. But the prestige may be personal. There must be something in the character of the host or hostess which will justify the presumption of an agreeable house under their auspices. If, for instance, some notorious bore in the House of Commons, with a notoriously insipid wife, announces "Wednesdays" or "Saturdays," their hospitable intentions are defeated by nobody's going to them. Secondly, the arrangements made for "receiving" must be tasteful, and on a scale of adequate, but not oppressive splendour. Holland House in a barn, or even on the East side of Tottenham Court Road, would be an impossibility. Thirdly, there must be as much variety as possible among the guests. There must be political people, and learned people, and distinguished people, and beautiful people, and fashionable people. These are the three conditions on which the success of any attempt to revive Holland House must depend.

Mock Holland House is celebrated for its furniture. It is a museum of treasures of upholstery. The sofas are delicious; when you sink back on one it is like bathing in eiderdown. And there is such a variety of beautiful shapes for you to take your choice of if you are inclined to sit. You may subside into a rocking chair, which will recall the hallowed associations of your infancy by its cradle-like undulations. Or you may throne yourself on a gorgeous ottoman, and enjoy the dignified ease of an Eastern sybarite. Or you may adapt the sinuosities of your frame to a well-cut and exquisitely stuffed settee, and admire the skill of the artificer in both consulting the small of your back and placing your head at the exact conversational angle. Here are couches of satin on which Sir James Mackintosh might have flirted with Madame de Staël in perfect comfort; chairs which Talleyrand, in his most brilliant vein, would not have disdained to press; mirrors in which the lovely Duchess of Devonshire would have been glad to catch the reflection of her peerless figure; footstools over which the timid writer who found himself for the first time among Ambassadors and Earls would probably have tumbled. Then nothing can be in finer taste than the carpet and the curtains. Their colour, pattern and texture are exquisite, and blend harmoniously with the silk panels and gilt cornices of the side-walls. The ceilings are adorned with chandeliers, the pendulous lustres of which shed their trembling radiance over the scene.

The mantelpiece groans with ormolu, the cabinets with china, the chiffoniers with *bric-à-brac*. There is nothing to recall the "antique gravity of a college library, no shelves loaded with the varied learning of many lands and many ages;" but on the table you will find Miss Braddon's last novel. Nothing is wanting that upholstery, as the handmaid of more intellectual arts, can secure. All that the carver and gilder can do, to give point to wit or charm to beauty, has been done with lavish profusion. If bright thoughts and sparkling sayings are inspired by sumptuous surroundings, here there should be no lack of either. Mock Holland House appeals to the palate as well as to the eye. Its *cuisine* is exquisite. Monsieur Adolphe boasts that he is among the three first *chefs* in Europe. He is properly jealous of his reputation. It is whispered that when he took office he made it a condition that the attention of the guests should never be distracted, by talk or any other accessory, from his dishes. He would

resign his place if a cream on which he piqued himself should, in the amusement caused by some anecdote or sprightly sally, pass untasted. He will brook no counter attractions to his own. Lions and professed conversationalists he views as dangerous rivals. Silent or murmurous appreciation is what he expects from those for whom he condescends to cater. If he does not monopolize all the honours of the banquet, the greater share of them falls to him. He is the real hero of the occasion. People say, when they are asked to dinner, not whom shall we meet, but what shall we eat. Their first thought is not of the company, but of the bill of fare. *Entrées*, not epigrams, are what they come to enjoy; not *bons mots*, but *bonnes bouches*. Beautiful young ladies, fed on air and five o'clock tea, cannot repress a culinary thrill when they receive an invitation. Calm young Guardsmen flash into momentary enthusiasm at the prospect of dining at Mock Holland House. And the literary diner-out, who has toddled to his club library to look up his evening's conversation, is heard to chuckle audibly on the hearthrug. The wines are worthy of the meats. The choicest cellars of the Continent have been ransacked for clarets and champagnes. Then it is impossible not to admire the consummate taste with which the table is arranged. Pyramids of flowers load the air with their fragrance. The display of plate and Dresden is magnificent. And, lastly, the waiting is perfect. It is like being attended by winged but noiseless genii. The very flunkies of Mock Holland House are superior to any other flunkies in town, while their state livery is a thing of beauty which a Lord Mayor might envy.

The mistress of Mock Holland House is not a clever woman, but, the next best thing to it, she has pretensions to cleverness. Her husband is clever, or she is sprung of a clever family. No one ever heard her say anything worth repeating; but her uncle in his time said many good things. She has written nothing that will live, but no library is complete without her husband's great work on Chimeras Buzzing in Vacuo. She is a reflector, if not a radiator, of mind. Her intellectual claims to the queendom of society will probably pass unchallenged until the day when some bookmaker of the future may perhaps insert her name among the Silly Wives of Celebrated Men, or the Dull Descendants of Witty Ancestors. Cleverness of a certain kind she exhibits,—the cleverness of concealing her real emptiness. It would take an acute observer a long summer day to discover how shallow and

commonplace she is. She cannot talk like Madame de Staël, or listen like Madame Recamier, but she talks glibly and at her ease, and listens without a face of foolish wonder. And her favourite theme is Art. Art, she will give you to understand, is the great charm and solace of her life. It is only in an atmosphere of art that she can breathe freely. She must be surrounded by artistic persons and artistic things. And so affluent are these art sympathies that they expend themselves on the merest trifles. The mantelpiece for the boudoir must be designed by one *virtuoso*, the fender by another, and the fire irons by a third. If it is a question of colouring her walls pink or blue, she implores the advice of an art-critic, and the matter is settled by a reference to eternal principles. When she engages a groom of the chambers, she puts him through a catechism on the Beautiful and the True. And yet all this delicate fabric of transcendentalism rests on nothing more solid than a recent visit to Rome, a peep at the studios, and a smattering of Ruskinism. In her heart she cares for two things alone,—gossip and dress. While she prattles about Form and Colour, she is secretly thinking about bonnets; while you read Dante aloud at her request, she is inwardly fretting to hear the details of the last scandal. Her toilettes are ravishing, and kaleidoscopic in their changes. On an average, they vary three times a day. No sooner are your eyes dazzled by one lustrous silk, than it passes like a comet from your view into the limbo of lady's-maid's perquisites, and another yet more lustrous rivets your gaze. Her lace would supply the wardrobe of the College of Cardinals. On great occasions she is a blaze of diamonds. What she spends on the adornment of her person will probably never be accurately known. But, on the most moderate computation, her milliner's bill for the year must amount to the salary of a Secretary of State. This is serious for no one but her husband, who properly views it as a part of the necessary outlay for mounting an agreeable house, of which fine clothes, according to the modern notion, are a principal feature.

Nor is it only the arts of dressmaking and upholstery that have a prominent place in the gatherings of Mock Holland House. The art of gossip contributes some of its most brilliant representatives. There the Scandalous College musters in full force, under the leadership of those old-young men who act as its coryphæi.

There, ball-goers of forty, who seem by a

natural law of development to become the arteries of scandal to the fashionable world, circulate the stories which no dowager or old maid would willingly let die. There, the veteran leader of a hundred cotillions may be heard repeating to a crony the last personality which two rival dowagers have exchanged, or the last ill-bred speech by which a duchess has illustrated the manners of a great lady. There, may be heard the details of the last Turf disclosure, the last fracas at the Opera, the last indiscretion of a brainless beauty, and the last snub which has befallen a pushing woman. There, characters are whispered away by ingenious inundoes, and you learn, to your surprise, that Una is not virtuous nor Galahad pure. There, the art of embroidering the bare fact is carried to its highest perfection. There, the reports are manufactured which nip promising flirtations in the bud, and confound the schemes of manœuvring mothers. But scandal and tittle-tattle are not the only intellectual features of Mock Holland House. Its pretensions demand a more direct representation of literature and science. But here a difficulty occurs, for, curiously enough, some of the classes who contributed largely to the lustre of the First Holland House refuse altogether to swell the triumph of the Second. Philosophers, for instance, have entirely dropped out of good society. It is said that they are afraid nowadays to venture into the streets; it is thought a wonderful thing that one has ventured into Parliament. Possibly, to the philosophic mind, Mock Holland House is as much more formidable than the House of Commons as the House of Commons is more formidable than the streets. Anyhow, from some unexplained cause, they are now never seen at an evening party. Poets, too, are increasingly shy of candle-light. They persist in preferring the downs and the sea, and leave the field of fashion to poetasters. No one is held in more honour by Mock Holland House than the cool rhymester of the drawing room. Not quite a Horace, nor quite a Trissotin, he is modestly content with his modicum of bays, and devotes his maturer powers to the flattery of princes, and the encouragement of genius in the person of some petulant little screamer of naughty lyrics. Statesmen were another element in the circle which Lord Macaulay has immor-

talized. Mock Holland House can boast no Talleyand, though now and then an orator of the first rank may find balm for his political chagrins in the smiles of its fair mistress. But there is a swarm of political small fry. Dandy politicians of the rose-water school throng the rooms. They may not have "moved great assemblies by eloquence or reason," but they have seconded the Address, or they have aired a crotchet to almost empty benches, thereby achieving a complete success of self-esteem. Then literature is represented, not indeed by men who have written great works, but by those who intend to write them. Nowhere will you find more inchoate authors, embryo novelists, and unfledged essayists. It is the literature of the future that Mock Holland House represents. The number of clever youths who are writing, or mean to write, a little book is one of its most credible features. Some of them have already rushed into print. Noble Whigiets have a way of literating their minds at a very early period. They are of two kinds—those who stay at home, and those who travel. The first gush in the magazines on such transparent topics as Church Reform and the Currency. The last travel to Timbuctoo or Peking for no other purpose, apparently, than to show on their return

How much a dunce that has been sent to roam
Exceeds a dunce that has been kept at home.

Their books may not add to the literary reputation of the peerage; but at least their publication serves to maintain its character for courage.

There still survives a remnant of old fogies whom all this luxury and display of wealth, and even these pigmy *literati*, fail to satisfy. They miss the peculiar character of the true archetypal Holland House. They cannot abide this flaunting counterfeited, which the milliner and the house-decorator and the French cook have between them concocted. In their eyes it is not Holland House of Whig traditions, but a puffy, dropsical imitation of it. It is not Holland House instinct with grace and wit and sprightliness, but Holland House in an advanced stage of fatty degeneration. Perhaps this is only their spite at not being invited. They might alter their tone if they now and then received a card.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE WORLD AS IT IS.

BUT Lorimer did not answer very patiently. The grim smile of scorn faded from his lip, only to give place to a gloomy frown; and as he drew nearer to his writing-table, preparatory to answering that ill-judged missive he struck his clenched hand on the unconscious paper, before covering it with the rapid scrawl which disturbed Lord Clochnaben's late breakfast a day or two afterwards.

"MY DEAR RICHARD, — That you write, as you say, by my mother's dictation — and report, by her desire, the comments she has thought fit to make on my attempt at arguing on the moral culpability of her conduct to her cousin, Lady Charlotte's daughter — secures you a reply which, under other circumstances, I should probably refuse to make to such a letter as you have ventured to send me.

"I need scarcely say, for the information either of yourself or my mother, that it is not I who set a value on such visits as I counselled my mother to pay, — or who consider Lady Ross's welfare dependent on the notice of persons of her own sex, probably infinitely her inferiors in many of the qualities which should most be desired in woman.

"When I see the sort of women who mingle freely, and receive liberal welcome, in what is called 'the first society in the land' — when I reflect on the lives which to my knowledge some of them have led, and which would, in my opinion, render them utterly unfit to be Lady Ross's companions, instead of its being a favour that they should visit her; when I consider the sort of hap-hazard that governs even court invitations; the gossip, the prejudice, the cant, the untruth, the want of all justice, the disbelief in all virtue, the disregard of all things right, and the indifference to all things wrong (so long as they are not found out) which exist in a certain set who nevertheless presume to judge and condemn their betters; when I hear them declare that they 'would not for worlds' visit Lady So-and-So, and in the same breath entreat a friend to procure them an invitation to the house of another more lucky acquaintance, who nevertheless passes her time less with the cardinal virtues than the seven deadly sins; — I could almost laugh at poor Lady Charlotte's anxiety as to how her daughter is received! As a clever old friend once said to me, 'It would be a farce

— if it were not a tragedy' — to see the fate of the pure and noble swayed (as far at least as worldly circumstances go) by the impure and ignoble; to see the better sort of women eagerly listening to them and believing them, instead of attempting to sift truth from falsehood on their own judgment.

"It is true that ours is a 'fast' day, and England, boastful as she always is about every thing, has ceased to boast continually of her superior virtue as she used to do (wincing a little, probably, at the retort which foreign nations might make on the subject). She is content to admit that chance and certain commercial considerations run through that, as through every other channel of interest belonging to her. The ups and downs, and apparent inequalities of justice, do not trouble her, nor the agreeable certainty —

'That the rugged path of sinners
Is greatly smoothed by giving dinners.'

"It is a hollow world, full of echoes; some call, and others listen, and then, like the pigs in Scripture, they all run violently down a steep place, and are choked with their own lies.

"As to you, my dear Richard, and your comments on my 'tame doggishness' in Lady Charlotte's house, I advise you to beware of again touching on that subject. If you cannot believe in virtue, at least keep your incredulity to yourself. I remember you always had a mania for parting supposed lovers, as some old dowagers have a mania for bringing them together. I have not forgotten, when were both at college, and a youth, who had become entangled by a boyish passion, in a fit of mingled satiety and remorse left the companion he was with, in the dead of night, without farewell or warning, to learn from the lesson which the desolation of next morning might teach what such entanglements are worth; the alacrity with which you undertook to reason her out of the possibility of re-union, and the pleasure it seemed to you to cut the slender thread of her hope on that subject. Nor, in after-life, when a weak and profligate friend of maturer age had squabbled with a dancer who made a fool of him, how ingeniously you planned to crush the girl, and free him whether he wished it or no; how serenely you boasted that you would work hard to make her *seem* only self-interested, and deliberately planned 'to starve her out' by persuading the *impresario* of the theatre not to engage her, on the threat of getting her hissed.

"Do not, I pray, exert your talents in the case of Lady Ross and myself. Be satisfied that nothing can unite us, and that nothing shall part us. Endeavour to believe for once, in spite of the experience of your own and other lives, that there *may* be such a thing as a virtuous woman in the world, and a pure friendship; even if that virtuous woman's name be the theme of lying gossip in the mouths of fools. As to my mother, tell her *this* from me — and God forgive me if I word it too harshly: — That admitting, as of course I do admit, that she has the strictest views of female morality, and generally acts upon them, I consider it not only an error of judgment, but a *crime*, in this particular case, to aid in tormenting and insulting a defenceless and sorrowful woman, by appearing to confirm the evil judgment of strangers, when, in the depths of her own heart, she knows that she does not and *cannot* believe Lady Ross to have been an unchaste wife, but is avenging a dislike and resentment, grounded on a totally different cause; and is in fact; as Mrs. Cregan says of many of her fashionable friends, 'glad to pretend to think ill of Gertrude' to punish her for offences given (how involuntarily!) in more fortunate days. I have written to you at length on this subject, because I never intend to touch upon it again, nor to read any thing you may write upon it. If my mother does not choose to humour poor Lady Charlotte's nervous fancies, by calling on Lady Ross, or chooses (as you pompously put it) to make but a single visit, in God's name let her stay away; but let her clearly understand, as regards me, that I discussed Lady Charlotte's wishes, because I thought it right; and whether I marry next week, or die a bachelor, that fact has no sort of connection with my settled and unalterable opinion of what it is right for her to do. And if ever I do marry, I should have no dearer wish at heart than that Gertrude Ross should approve my choice, and remain to her life's end my wife's intimate companion and bosom friend.

"Your affectionate brother,

"LORIMER."

CHAPTER LIX.

THE WICKED LIFE THAT GERTRUDE LED,
AND THE WICKED LOVE-LETTERS THEY
WROTE EACH OTHER.

THE first bitter blow, and the first pang of miserable disappointment in the apparent

impossibility of present explanation with Sir Douglas, were over. He lived in the centre of those scenes of military suffering, and proud English endurance, which have made the war of the Crimea the most memorable of all modern events. Lorimer Boyd returned to his post at Vienna and Gertrude continued to reside in the decorated little home, which poor Lady Charlotte, when eulogizing it in former years, declared had belonged to "a bachelor of the other sex."

Placed in what might be termed affluent circumstances, both by the generous directions of Sir Douglas and her own inheritance, Gertrude employed her time and thoughts as best she might in relieving the miseries of others. True, there was little ostentation or publicity in what she did. Her name headed no list of subscribers; was conspicuous in no prospectus; made itself the chief of no "movement" of real or imaginary reform. She did not even bind herself by a sort of nun's vow not to shop on Saturday, and register the vow in the newspapers for fear of backsliding. But all that others did who were much talked about, she did and was not talked about. Those general plans of the gentle and charitable for emigration and education; of help to the helpless, of succour to the sick, found her ready with heart and hand, and liberal purse. But often she had preceded, with steady work and entire success, in the same path of usefulness where afterwards a procession of fair fellow-labourers followed, blowing shawms and trumpets in praise of their own goodness, and assuming to be pioneers in that path of progress where she had previously passed alone swiftly and silently, without a record, and without a boast. Often the meek, sad mouth could scarce forbear a melancholy smile when some one put before her the advantage of a scheme which she herself had sketched out and set on foot, and gave the credit of originating it to some brilliant Lady Bountiful of the hour, who was marshalling her forces under silken banners inscribed with her own name, and sweeping with them over the traces of Gertrude's exertions, as the waves sweep over the sand.

But steadily and calmly she pursued the road that led to the only fountain of content her grieved and restless heart could know. "When the ear heard her, it blest her;" but she was heard and blessed, not at meetings of animated, gayly-dressed, luxurious women, leaning among cushions of embroidered silk, and setting down their porcelain teacups on inlaid tables — but in the

dismal and dank dwellings of the poor; by the beds of groaning inmates of hospitals; in the dark night of the despairing and fallen; or among wailing children of evil parents, whose infancy, unaided, would be but a bitter preface to a bitterer maturity.

There was no lack of news of her husband to satisfy the only other craving her heart admitted. All that he did, and how he looked, and how nobly he bore the miserable outward and visible suffering which so many bore likewise heroically around him, was easy to learn and to hear. Only the inner thought—the dear and blessed communion of soul to soul in letters of husband and wife—that was a dark want in her life, and kept her pinched and wan in countenance, and starved at heart. Lorimer constantly wrote from Vienna, and his letters were her chief comfort. He did not dwell on the one topic that was for ever uppermost in her mind; he rather sought to draw her from it to general and wider interests. The world slandered her for his sake, as it had slandered her for Kenneth's sake; but she neither knew, nor would have heeded it if known. It remained for Lady Charlotte to fume and fret over these injustices. Those who are enduring a great sorrow are very insensible to mortification.

But in vain did poor Lady Charlotte, on being told by some cruel reporter that her cousin the Dowager had said she believed "an infamous correspondence" was still carried on between her son Lorimer and that bad young creature, Lady Ross,—declare, with many tears and agitated pulls at her curl, that they were quite harmless letters, full of different things that didn't signify." Her declaration "went for nothing; though in truth the letters of this wicked couple were all much in the style of the samples that follow.

CHAPTER LX.

AN INFAMOUS CORRESPONDENCE.

"VIENNA.

"MY DEAR GERTRUDE,—I waited at Dover, fearing to miss my letters. Douglas is well. The mismanagement of supplies, &c., is fearful. His energy, and habit of methodical arrangement, have been of use. But he writes to me, 'I wish we may not begin by a great disaster; though it is something to know that no amount of disaster will discourage English soldiers.' I passed through Paris on my way here. All as usual. No one would guess aught was going on any-

where that was tragedy instead of farce, except for the model wooden 'hut for soldiers,' erected in the Tuilleries Garden. That stands like the skull cup at Byron's wassail festivals, in the midst of the daily rout of pleasure.

"I employed my day at Dover in riding over to Walmer, to see the great Duke's nest. The housekeeper told me she had lived with the Duke twenty years; but she looked like the good fairy or witch in a pantomime, always acted by a young girl. She professed unbounded admiration for her master, and said she 'nearly fainted' the other day, from listening to abuse of him from some blackguard visitor at Walmer. She was 'to that degree flurried that she was obliged to go and sit on one of the cannon in the front garden, and walk on the bastion to recover herself; besides having the gentleman turned out' (a measure which should at once have restored her to composure).

"Here all is (outwardly) as careless as in Paris. Mrs. Cregan dined at Esterhazy's the other day: Gortschakoff, Manteuffel, Alvensleben, Figuelmont, Stackelberg, and others present. Gortschakoff affected a sort of jocund pleasantry and careless good fellowship, painful and unnatural, reminding one of the stories of Frenchmen in the Revolution, who rouged and sat down to play cards, till the cart came to take them to be guillotined. Not that any ill fate, beyond failure, can await the smirking Russian; but because of the striking contrast between heavy events and light behaviour. Manteuffel was grave and grim.

"Abbas Pasha is dead. The chief delight of Abbas, when invalided, was to be drawn about in a wheeled chair by six of his prime ministers, harnessed very literally 'to the car of state.' Conceive our English Cabinet occupied in so practical a mode of showing their devotion to their sovereign!

"The Austrian Government have quartered the troops comfortably in the chateaux of the nobility. No one dares to complain. I saw one of the ousted aristocrats yesterday, murmuring gently, like a sea-shell put on dry sand, at having no house to go to.

"I saw also a humble sorrow; at the door of great Gothic St. Stephen's, a little weeping raw recruit parting with a little weeping sacristan, looking very lank and mournful in his black gown, and both their arms twined round each other's neck. As they stood there, and my eye measured that small patch and blot of human sorrow against the great height of the solid church, rising up into the cold grey sky as if it never could

fall into ruins, my pity departed, and I asked myself if any one's misery—mine theirs, or any other—could possibly signify.

"You see I am getting bitter. Nothing tries the amiable spirit like isolation. It is easy to pray in the temple; but it requires a saint to pray in the wilderness.

"I ought to be quite cheerful. My last volume of poems was a great success. I am constantly solicited to send my 'autograph' to persons I do not know. They send me postage stamps—according to the old nurse's saying, 'A penny for your thoughts;' but why, because I can write poetry, should I be set to write copies? A beautiful young American lady (at least she tells me she is young and beautiful) has written for a lock of my hair. I answered that I hoped she would not think me selfish, but though I had read in my early lessons the urgent and hopeful line—

'Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store,'

Heaven had not so blessed my store as to stock me with superfluous hair; in fact, that I was getting rather bald. I hope this may moderate her enthusiasm; but there is no saying.

"Write me of your health. Remember me to Lady Charlotte. In spite of the excitement here, in spite of wars and rumours of wars, I feel as if nothing on earth were of importance. The Austrians hate us; the Russians hope to outwit us. All is flat, stale, and unprofitable, and I care for nothing but music and rest.

"Ever yours,

"LORIMER BOYD."

Gertrude's answer was more earnest, if not more cheerful. She wondered, in the midst of her own sorrow, at the gloom of his spirit. He seemed to her to have so much that should make life easy. The interest of a career; no actual grief; the sure prospect of title and fortune. So we judge the outside appearance of the lives even of those we love,—the painted porcelain of the cup, which holds, it may be, a most bitter draught. That for years his cup had been bitter on her account, and that now daily and hourly he felt only a different bitterness in that gnawing of the heart that comes when those who are deeply beloved suffer, and we cannot aid them, and those we have made demigods of, as he had made of his boyhood's friend, Sir Douglas, do something that ut-

terly disenchant us,—all this was a sealed book to Gertrude.

"DEAR LORIMER BOYD," she wrote—"I am as well as I can expect to be under the wearing pressure of continual anxiety; and my dearest mother, I think, frets less about me than she did, and looks to some possible explanation at some time or other, which is a great relief, as her sorrow vexed me so terribly.

"I am occupied from morning to night—I humbly hope usefully occupied—and I strive not to dream-waking dreams, or let my thoughts depress my nerves as they used to do. Neil is well and happy at Eton, and looking forward to his holidays at Glenrossie with such joy, that I trust the very necessity of seeming to share it will enable me to bear the going there under such different, such painful circumstances! Let me be thankful that at least I shall be with him. I was much interested in all you told me, but sorry to see the 'gloom-days,' as we used to call them, have come back to haunt you. As to this war and its causes, and the chances of its continuance, I will not fear. When I see how completely and nearly equally men's opinions are divided on great questions; men of the same average calibre of intellect, of the same class of interests, under the influence of the same habits and opportunities for judgment,—I feel that nothing *can* be done so rapidly either for good or evil, as would suffice to satisfy an enthusiast, or create rational terror. I believe God left that balance of opinion, lest, in our world of restlessness and vanity of power, there should be a perpetual succession of violent changes. We ebb and flow with a tide, and whether the waves come in with a roar or a *creep*, they dash to nearly the same distance. Only one thing shines clear as the light of day to me—that those who are born to a certain position, or who are gifted with certain talents, are bound to exert themselves for what they conceive to be the general good, according to their honest opinion, whether that be to *stay* or to *forward* the work in hand. No man has a *right*, in a position, either hereditary or obtained, which places him a little above his fellows, with leisure to gaze on the perspective of their destiny, sluggishly to turn his head away from his appointed task—a task which by circumstance he is as much born to as the labourer's son to the plough. I have heard women say they did not comprehend the feeling of patriotism; I think I do, not so much for my country as for my

countrymen. I believe in the full measure of good which might be done; I believe in the full value of individual exertion. It has been my dream from the first, and will be my dream to the last, to watch the lives that leave their tracks of light behind, like ships on the waters. Though the wave close over the light, the tracks once explored will be crossed again even to another hemisphere, and the influence of one man's mind may outlive not only his existence, but the very memory of his name. Lorimer, dear friend, you are one of those who are called upon to act; and to make use of your worldly position and abilities, not only for yourself, but for the future of others; of others unknown, and without claim upon you beyond being God's less fortunate children. Do not say you care only for rest in a time like the present!

"Though you cannot aid England and the cause of justice among nations, sword in hand, like my beloved Douglas, you are bound to give your thoughts and energies to her service. Shall I hope you pretend carelessness, as you say Gortschakoff pretends cheerfulness and cordiality?

"My heart is made very sore by the abuse of men in power here; who are, as I believe, doing their very utmost to retrieve mistakes and alleviate suffering. You will say that such mistakes ought never to have been made; but that is over. Party spirit runs high in England. At all times it is an error: at this time of trial it is a sin. I will match your story of the obscure sorrow of St. Stephen's church with one of obscure and tranquil heroism, more difficult than that of the battle-field. One of the sick persons whose case lately came before me—a common labourer—was pronounced by the doctor to be merely suffering from extreme debility and want of nourishment. Then came inquiries into his work and wages, &c.; and at last it came out that he owed fifteen shillings, and, to pay this debt, he had gone on half rations for weeks, having a large family to keep, and being apprehensive he never would be able to spare it in any other way.* Does not the patient self-denial smite one to the heart? the indulgent heart that grows too often to look upon mere fancies as necessities in our own class? And does not the strong resolution of the man show brightly in the dark story? I see him, in my mind's eye, going home at the end of his day's work, hungry and tired, with his good honest purpose stronger than all the temptation of fatigue and want of re-

freshment, and at last falling ill. Remember, it never would have been known but for that. These are the obscure heroisms of life, and God's book is full of them, though they pass away from earth like the risen dew of the morning. Oh! Lorimer, do not say you care for nothing but music and rest.

"And forgive me, old teacher of my pleasant days of girlhood, when my dear father shared with me the advantage of your companionship, if I am grown bold enough to seem to whisper a lesson in my turn. I miss you daily here. The day does not pass that we do not speak of you, mamma and I.

"Yours affectionately,

"GERTRUDE."

So wrote and thought the wife of absent Sir Douglas. But what of that? Dowager Clochnaben fiercely denounced her for her many intrigues; the ladies who were merely imitating or following her in active good works spoke evil of her as they looked through their lists of charity subscriptions; friends of her "pleasant days of girlhood" either cut her, or made a favour of calling at the house "for poor old Lady Charlotte's sake;"—and THE WORLD, whose opinion, as Richard Clochnaben justly wrote to his brother, was what we ought chiefly to bear in mind,—pronounced that she was a bad woman; that Lorimer Boyd was her new lover; and that it was a pity a man of so much ability should suffer himself to be cajoled, and his name mixed up with that of a creature more dangerous and subtle than any dancer, or Anonyma, or person belonging to an inferior class; inasmuch as her education and accomplishments (of which she was so inordinately vain) gave her a certain hold over a man accustomed to good society, and fastidious as to his choice of companions.

And the more religious and church-going of her acquaintance, especially the more intimate visitors at Clochnaben Castle, and such as had approved the forbidding little Jamie Carmichael to attend school, because he had gathered blackberries on the Sabbath-day,—and those who had been most keen in admiration of Mr. James Frere's sermons, observed to each other that it was "just a very disgrace and shame to think of, that such a creature should be permitted to hold her head up in any decent place of resort; and they hoped God would visit her with His righteous judgments, both in this world and the world to come."

* Fact.

CHAPTER LXI.

KENNETH'S CHILD.

NEIL'S holidays were come; and Neil himself, bright and beautiful, and active as a roe, was back again in the glens and hills of Glenrossie.

"It's trying to be here without papa," he had said, the first day; and Gertrude's fortitude was not proof against the gush of sudden tears that burst from her eyes at the speech. But the boy knew nothing; only that his father was "at the wars," as Richard Cœur de Lion and many other great heroes had been (including Hannibal), and as his father had frequently been before. Vague, and without much personal anxiety, were Neil's thoughts: for what boy is ever depressed by thoughts of danger? Rather he pitied his mother for her apparent lowness and fear about this glorious profession of arms, and secretly wished he were old enough to be fighting by his father's side in the distant Crimea, — when the fighting should begin.

But gradually some strange uneasy sensation crept into that boyish heart, and lay coiled there like a tiny snake. His mother seemed to get no letters; she was so agitated and eager one day when he himself got one from his father. She was on such odd terms with his Aunt Alice, who, though she withdrew to Clochnaben Castle during the major part of his holidays, yet chose to assert the privilege of residence for a few days at the beginning. During those few days his mother had said she was too ill to dine down stairs. They scarcely spoke. The fiery blood of his passionate race bubbled up in the young breast. He wrote to Sir Douglas: "My mother seems wretchedly ill; she is grown very thin. I thought it was all fright about you; but I think now something worries her. I think Aunt Alice vexes her. If I was sure, I would hate Aunt Alice with all the power of my heart; I beg you to turn her out of the castle. They say Christians should not hate at all, but whoever vexes my mother would be to me like a murderer I ought to kill. So you ask her, dearest and best of fathers, what is the matter, and let me know."

Poor Sir Douglas! How in the midst of the snow and dreary scenes of the Crimea, his brow bent and his heart beat over the school-boy letter. His Neil! his Neil; — to whom, "whoever vexed his mother would be like a murderer whom he ought to kill!" His Neil.

And Neil in his innocent wrath made

Aunt Alice so uncomfortable with haughty looks and stinging words, on the mere chance and supposition that she was distasteful company for his mother, that she was glad to beat a retreat.

Over the hills to Clochnaben went Alice. And before the servants who were waiting at dinner, as she helped herself to some very hard unripe nectarines grown on the stern wall of the Clochnaben garden, she said she came, "because it would not have been *proper* for her to remain while that unfortunate woman was permitted those interviews with her son. Of course, if there had been a *daughter*, such a difficulty could never have arisen: she would not have been allowed to see a daughter."

And the scanty train of servants in the service of the dowager discussed the matter rigidly, and expressed their horror at the pollution of Glenrossie by Gertrude's return, and the impossibility of "Miss Alice" remaining in such tainted company.

Only Richard Clochnaben's French valet smiled superior, and said such things were not much thought of in Paris, and that he wondered "*dans ce pays barbare!*" that they were not more civilized.

But there was no doubt of her guilt in the minds of any of the parties so discussing in the servants' hall.

It was in the very midst of Neil's vacation that an event occurred which profoundly impressed him, and caused Gertrude fresh agitation.

He was walking with his mother to the spot where he had given rendezvous to the old keeper, when he was to cross the hills to get a little better shooting. For Neil was getting very grand; and talked of good sport, and bad sport, with a beautiful toss of his beardless little chin; and the keeper was wild with admiration of "siccan a spirity laddie" as his young master.

He was holding his mother's hand, in spite of his sport, and his assumption of manliness, when suddenly they heard a little plaintive cry; and a childish and very plaintive voice said, "Well, ye needna' beat me, I can get enough of that at home!" in a half Scotch, half foreign accent, very peculiar.

Neil leapt through the heather, and down the hollow from whence the sound proceeded, and his mother stood on the rough broken ground above, full of granite stones. A sharp cut with Alice's riding-whip descended on the shoulder of a little girl, as he advanced.

"Get back to your kennel, then," he

heard a voice say, in a tone as sharp as her whip. "How dare you trespass so far on the border? Get back to Torrieburn!" and apparently the stroke was about to be repeated, when Neil darted forward, and taking the pony's rein close to the bit, drove it back so as to make it rear on its haunches.

"How dare you, Aunt Alice?" said he, breathlessly and passionately. "How dare you strike any one here?"

Alice sat her pony firmly: cowardice was not among her vices.

"Oh, yes; you'd better let her come further still; you'd better have her up at Glenrossie!" she said, with a bitter sneer.

"Why not?" said the boy, as he turned to look at the little girl, who stood softly chafing with one little thin hand the place on her shoulder where she had been struck, and holding flowers close against her dress with the other.

"I wanted the white heather; I didn't know I wasn't to climb farther," she said; and then she broke down, and throwing the white heather passionately from her, she burst into tears, and sobbed as if her heart would break, covering her little pale face with both hands.

The boy's heart beat hard; he cast a look of fury on Aunt Alice and her pony, and strode towards the pale girl.

Lady Ross also glided towards them. The child uncovered her face as Alice rode away, and looked up with wondering eyes at Gertrude.

"Oh! I know you," she said, in a tender tone; "I know you! I've been very lone since you all went. Take me away from them—Oh! take me away!" And she clutched at the folds of Gertrude's dress with the little thin white hands.

"Effie!" was all Lady Ross could say, and she sat down on the heather brae and wept.

"Effie!" said Neil, wonderingly; and then he smiled. Such a smile of pity, love, and wonder, as the angels might give.

He had not at first recognized her. She had grown tall and slim, and her face was hidden by the long locks of her soft neglected hair.

"Go, dear Neil, go," said Lady Ross. "I will talk to her. I will see her home. You cannot stay; go with the keeper. I will tell you when I come home. Go, my darling."

With a wistful lingering look, the boy turned to go—stood still—came back, and said hesitatingly,

"But, mother, if it is Effie, mayn't she come with us?"

"No, my boy," answered poor Gertrude, in great agitation. "No. Go now, and I will see you after your shooting."

And Neil went. But before he turned again to depart he smiled at Effie, and Effie returned it with a little trembling sort of moonlight smile of her own; her long pale chestnut hair held back a little by her taper fingers, as though to make her vision of him the clearer, and her wide, wild, plaintive eyes fixed on his face.

That look haunted Neil, boy though he was, and he had "bad sport" that day;—if bad sport consists in missing almost every bird he aimed at.

Gertrude stood silently gazing at the little creature. Memories welled up in her heart, and her eyes filled again with tears.

This was Kenneth's poor little girl, Kenneth's only child, Effie! Poor little lone deserted Effie.

"Oh take me home with you to Glenrossie!" repeated the pleading voice; "they beat me so, and I am so lone."

"Why do they beat you, dear?"

"They beat me for everything. If I'm not quick, and if I'm tired, and if I don't find eggs, and if I'm frightened in the night."

"What frightens you in the night, my child?" And Gertrude drew the little trembling creature to her, and sat down with her in the long heather.

The child leaned up against her bosom and clung to her.

"I don't know. I'm scared. They told me if I did anything wrong, the BLACK DOUGLAS should come in the night and take me—tall, oh, so tall! and tramping through the heather, with only bones for his feet."

And the child shuddered, and pressed closer to Gertrude.

"Has he ever come?"

"No!" said the little girl, with a sudden look of wonder.

"No, Effie, nor ever will come; it's a story, an ignorant, foolish story. There is no such thing! Do you think God would let a poor little child be tormented by such a shocking thing when she did not mean to do wrong? Do you say your prayers, Effie?"

"Oh, yes!"

"When?"

"In the morning I say them on my knees, and in the night I say some with my head under the bedclothes."

"Do you think there are two Gods,

Effie? One for the day and another for the night?"

"No; one God — one God!" said the child, faltering.

"Are you afraid in the day?"

"No! Oh, no!" said the little girl with a wild smile. "I see the birds, and the deer, and the walking things, and the blue in the sky, and I'm not afraid at all."

"Then do you think the God who watches in the day forsakes the world at night, Effie? forsakes all His creatures asleep — for it is not only you, you know, Effie, who lie sleeping, but all those you have named — the poor little birds in their nests, and the shy deer among the fern, and the fish in the smooth lake: do you think, as soon as DARK comes, He gives them all over to be tormented and scared?"

The child was silent.

"Effie, God is a good and merciful God, and He watches the night as He watches the day, and you are as safe in the dark under His care as in this bright, cloudless day. He is all mercy and all goodness."

Children startle their elders sometimes by questions too profound for answer. Effie gave a deep, shivering sigh, and said in a tone of grave reflection.

"Then why did He let me be?"

"What do you mean, Effie?"

"Why, if He is merciful and good, does He let me be in the world at all? Nobody cares for me, nobody wants me, and I don't want to be here; but God puts me here. Oh! if I were but away in heaven!" and she lifted her eyes with miserable yearning to the blue sky. "I'm a scrap of a creature, and it's seldom I feel well; I've a pain almost always in my side, and that's what makes me slow, and then they beat me; and there's such strong, happy children die: a good many have died since you were here, Lady Ross, and I go and look at their graves in the burial-ground on Sundays; and that's when I say to myself, Why should I be at all?"

"Effie, it is God's will that we should be — all of us; and be sure that He has some task for us to do, or He would not put us here. But He does not torment us. Promise me if you wake in the night to think of that, and to think of me, and to think that we are sitting here in the sunshine, talking of His goodness."

"I'll try; but, oh! in the night I'll be scared with the thought of the Black Douglas!"

"No, my child. Think of me, not of

the Black Douglas, and say this little rhyme: —

"'Lord, I lay me down to sleep!
Do thou my soul in mercy keep;
And if I die before I wake,
Do Thou my soul in mercy take.'

That rhyme, Effie, was told me by a wise clever man, who always said it from the day when he was a little child, and you must always say it all your life long for love of me."

"Oh! I *do* love you," said the pallid creature, creeping close, as though she would creep into her very heart. "I do love you, and please take me home with you."

"I cannot, Effie," said Gertrude sadly. "And now I must go my way, and you must go yours. Good-by."

"Won't you come with me never so little on the way?"

Gertrude looked down on the large pleading eyes moist with tears. She took the slight form in her arms and wept.

"Some day, little Effie, some day, perhaps, we may be all together; but not now, not now! God bless and protect you! God bless you!"

And so saying, and weeping still, Lady Ross turned to go homewards. She paused at a turn on the hills, and looked back. The little creature had sat wearily down, her hands clasped round her slim knees, looking out with her large sad eyes at the light of the declining day.

Was she again thinking, "Why should I be?" Kenneth's deserted child?

CHAPTER LXII.

HOW EFFIE WAS GLADDENED.

THE mystery of Effie not being allowed to return with them troubled Neil more than all that had disturbed him before, and his disquieted soul was none the more composed when his mother, clasping both her arms round him, and leaning her head on his breast, gave the faltering explanation, "Your cousin Kenneth has displeased your father, very much, and he would not wish Effie to be at the castle."

"Oh, every one says Cousin Kenneth is not a good man, and he gets drunk, and all that," replied Neil; "but what has Effie done?"

And the boy roamed up and down, and

watched for the little face, pale almost as the white heather she had come to seek; but she had vanished away from the near landscape, and into the distance he was forbidden to follow her. And so the holidays ended.

Once only had Gertrude herself attempted further intercourse with the banished child. It was but a few days after their discourse about her terrors by night, and Gertrude's tender heart was haunted by the memory of the pleading eyes. She thought she would brave the pain for herself, and go and see Maggie, at the New Mill, as they called the place Old Sir Douglas had allotted them, and there speak to her of the fragile flower left to her rough guidance.

But Maggie's ignorant wrath was roused by the very sight of Gertrude. Fixed was her notion, that if Gertrude had wedded with her son all would have gone well. Gertrude had blighted all their lives. As to Effie, she sullenly defended her own right to manage her which way she pleased. She was "her ain bairn, and bairns maun be trained and taught." She'd been "beat hersel' when she was a bairn, and was never a pin the waur — may be the better." And as the meek low voice of Gertrude pleaded on, Maggie seemed roused to positive exasperation, and burst out at last, "Lord's sake, Lady Ross, will ye no gie ower? Ye'll just gar me beat her double, to quiet my heart. Gang back to yere ain bairn, and leave Effie to me. It's little gude ye can be till her, noo that ye've ruined her fayther, and thrawn me amaisht daft, wi' yere fashious doin's. Gang awa' wi' ye! Gang awa'!"

And, suiting the action to the word, Maggie waved her tempestuous white arms angrily in the air, much in the same manner as if she had desired to chase a flock of turkeys from her poultry-yard; and, turning with a sudden flounce into the house, and perceiving Effie leaning in the doorway, she administered a resounding slap on the delicate shoulder; for no particular reason that could be guessed, unless, according to her own phrase, it was "to quiet her heart."

From that time, for two years more, Gertrude never saw Kenneth's child; but at the end of the second year a chance interview again gave her an opportunity of judging the effect of Maggie's education on her mind, and of the lapse of time upon her beauty.

Slimmer, taller, more graceful than ever — her large eyes seeming larger still from a sort of sick hollowness in her cheek — Effie came swiftly up to her as she stood one day

gazing at the Hut, waiting for Neil, but dreaming of other times. How altered Effie seemed!

Neil, too, had altered. He was beginning to be quite a tall youth; and his bold bright brow had a look of angry sadness on it; for do what they would, his keen soul had ferreted out the existence of some painful secret; and, driven by his mother's silence to perpetual endeavours to discover for himself what had occurred in his family, he heard at last from Ailie's adder tongue the sharp sentence — "Good gracious, boy, do ye not know that your father and mother have quarrelled and parted?"

Quarrelled and parted! His idolized father: his angel mother!

Still, not taking in the full measure of misfortune, he answered fiercely, "If they've quarrelled, Aunt Alice, it is that *you've* made mischief. I'm certain of that."

"You'd better ask your mother whether that's it," sneered Alice, and whisked away from him to her tower-room.

But Neil would not ask his mother. Only he kissed her with more fervent tenderness that night, and held her hand in his, and looked into her eyes, and ruminated on what should be done to any one who harmed a hair of that precious mother's lovely head; and from that hour he doubled his obedience and submission to her will, watching the very slightest of her inclinations or fancies about him, and forestalling, when he could, every wish she seemed to form.

And he prayed — that young lad — oh! how fervently he prayed; in his own room, by many a clear moonlight and murky midnight, that God would bless his mother, and that if — if Aunt Ailie spoke the truth, God would reconcile those dear parents, and bring back joy again to their household.

But to his mother he said nothing.

And when she stood by the Hut that day thinking of him, thinking of all the past, — that darkest of shadows, the knowledge that *he* knew there was some quarrel between his parents — had not passed over her heart.

Standing there, then, in her mood of thoughtful melancholy, her soul far away in the dismal camp by the Black Sea — in the tents of men who were friends and comrades of the husband who had renounced her — the light flitting forwards of Effie was not at first perceived.

But the young girl laid her little hand on the startled arm, and whispered breathlessly — "Oh, forgive my coming! but such joy has happened to me; I wanted so sore to tell

you! I've rowed across the lake in the coble alone, just to say to you the words of the song, '*He's comin' again.*' Papa's coming! He's to be back directly, and I'm to go from the New Mill to Torrieburn! Oh! I could dance for joy! I'll not be frightened when I sleep under the same roof again with papa. It's all joy, joy, joy, now,—for ever!"

CHAPTER LXIII.

KENNETH COMES BACK.

BUT it was not joy. Kenneth returned a drunken wreck; overwhelmed with debts he had no means of discharging; baffled and laughed at by the Spanish wife he had no means of controlling or punishing; ruined in health by systematic and habitual intemperance. He seemed, even to his anxious little daughter, a strange, frightful vision of his former self. His handsome face was either flushed with the purple and unwholesome flush of extreme excess, or pallid almost to death with exhaustion. He wept for slight emotion; he raved and swore on slight provocation; he fainted and sank after slight fatigue. He was a ruined man! The first, second, and third consultation on the subject of his affairs only confirmed the lawyer's and agent's opinion that he must sell Torrieburn, if he desired to live on any income, or pay a single debt.

Sell Torrieburn! It was a bitter pill to swallow; but it must be taken. Torrieburn was advertised. Torrieburn was to be disposed of by "public roup."

The morning of that disastrous day, Kenneth was saved from much pain by being partially unconscious of the business that was transacting. He had been drinking for days, and when that day—that fatal day—dawned, he was still sitting in his chair, never having been to bed all night, his hair tangled and matted, his eyes bloodshot, his face as pale as ashes.

With a gloomy effort at recollection, he looked round at Effie, who was crouched in a corner of the room watching him, like a young fawn among the bracken.

"Do you remember what day it is, child?" he said, in a harsh, hoarse voice.

"Oh, papa!" said the little maiden, "do not think of sorrowful things. Come away; come out over the hills, and think no more of what is to happen here. Come away."

To the last, in spite of all his foul offences against that generous heart, Kenneth had somehow dreamed he would be rescued

at the worst by his uncle. He was not rescued. But at the eleventh hour there came an order from Sir Douglas that Torrieburn was to be bought in—bought at the extreme price that might be bid for it, and settled on Kenneth's daughter and her heirs by entail.

"Come away!" said the plaintive young voice, and Kenneth left the house that had been his own and his father's, and went out a stripped and homeless man over the hills. His head did not get better; it got worse. He swayed to and fro as he climbed the hills; he pressed onward with the gait of a staggering, drunken, delirious wretch, as he was. He looked back from the hill, at Torrieburn smiling in the late autumnal sun, and wept as Boabdil wept, when he looked back at the fair lost city of Granada!

No taunting voice upbraided his tears; no proud virago spoke, like Boabdil's mother, of the weakness that had wrecked him, or the folly that made all, irrevocable loss, irrevocable despair.

The gentle child of his reckless marriage followed with her light footsteps as he strode still upwards and upwards. Panting and weary, she crouched down by his side when at length he flung himself, face downwards, on the earth. The slender little fingers touched his hot forehead with their pitying touch. The small cool lips pressed his burning cheek and hot eyelids with tiny kisses of consolation.

"Oh! papa, come home again, or come to the New Mill; to Grandmamma Maggie! You are tired; you are cold; don't stay here on the hills; come to the New Mill; come!"

But Kenneth heeded her not. With a wild delirious laugh, he spoke and muttered to himself; sang, shouted, and blasphemed; blasphemed, shouted, and sang.

The little girl looked despairingly around her, as the cold mist settled on the fading mountains, clothing all in a ghost-like veil. "Come away, papa!" was still her vain earnest cry. "Come away, and sit by the good fire at the New Mill. Don't stay here!"

In vain! The mist grew thicker and yet more chill, but Kenneth sat rocking himself backwards and forwards, taking from time to time long draughts from his whiskey-flask, and singing defiant snatches of songs he had sung with boon-companions long ago. At length he seemed to get weary: weary and drowsy; and Effie, fainting with fatigue, laid her poor little dishevelled head down on his breast, and sank into a comfortless slumber.

Both lay resting on the shelterless hills; that drunken wretched man, and the innocent girl-child. And the pale moon struggled through the mist, and tinged the faces of the sleepers with a yet more pallid light.

So they lay till morning; and when morning broke, the mist was thicker yet on lake and mountain. You could not have seen through its icy veil, no, not the distance of a few inches.

Effie woke, chilled to the very marrow of her bones.

Her weak voice echoed the tones of the night before, with tearful earnestness.

"Oh, papa, come home! or come to the good fire burning at the New Mill. Oh, papa, come home—come home!"

As she passionately reiterated the request, she once more pressed her fervent lips to the sleeping drunkard's cheek.

What vague terror was it, that thrilled her soul at that familiar contact? What was there, in the stiff, half-open mouth, the eyes that saw no light, the ear that heard no sound, that even to that innocent creature who had never seen death, spoke of its unknown mystery, and paralysed her soul with fear? A wild cry—such as might be given by a wounded animal—burst from Effie's throat; and she turned to flee from the half-understood dread to seek assistance for her father,—her arms outspread before her,—plunging through the mist down the hill they had toiled to ascend the night before. As she staggered forward through the thick cold cloud, she was conscious of the approach of something meeting her; panting heavily, as she was herself breath-

ing; struggling upwards, as she was struggling downwards; it might be a hind—or a wild stag—or a human being—but at all events it was LIFE, and behind was DEATH,—so Effie still plunged on! She met the ascending form; her faint eyes saw, as in a holy vision, the earnest beautiful face of Neil, strained with wonder and excitement; and with a repetition of the wild cry she had before given, she sank into his suddenly clasping arms in a deadly swoon of exhaustion and terror.

The keeper was with Neil. He found Kenneth where he lay; lifted the handsome head, and looked in the glazed eye.

"Gang hame, sir, and send assistance," was all he said. "Will I help ye to carry wee missie?"

"No—no. No," exclaimed Neil, as he wound his strenuous young arms round the slender fairy form of his wretched little cousin. "Trust me, I'll get Effie safe down to Torrieburn, and I'll send men up to help Cousin Kenneth to come down too. Is he very drunk?"

"Gude save us, sir; ye'll need to send twa 'stout hearts for a stour brae;' for I'm thinking Mr. Kenneth's seen the last o' the hills. Ye'll need just to send men to fetch THE BODY."

And with this dreadful sentence beating in his ears, Neil made his way as best he could, with lithe activity, down the well-known slopes of the mountain, clasping ever closer and closer to his boyish breast the light figure with long, damp dishevelled hair of his poor little cousin Effie.

BESIDE THE STILE.

We both walked slowly o'er the yellow grass,
Beneath the sunset sky:
And then he climbed the stile I did not pass,
And there we said Good-bye.

He paused one moment, I leaned on the stile,
And faced the hazy lane:
But neither of us spoke until we both
Just said Good-bye again.

And I went homeward to our quaint old farm,
And he went on his way:
And he has never crossed that field again,
From that time to this day.

I wonder if he ever gives a thought
To what he left behind:—
As I start sometimes, dreaming that I hear
A footstep in the wind.

If he had said but one regretful word,
Or I had shed a tear,
He would not go alone about the world,
Nor I sit lonely here.

Alas! our hearts were full of angry pride,
And love was choked in strife:
And so the stile, beyond the yellow grass,
Stands straight across our life.

ISABELLA FTVIE.

— Good Words.

From the Contemporary Review.

LETTERS OF ST. JEROME. — THE LAST DAYS OF PAGANISM AT ROME.

Sancti Eusebii Hieronymi Stridonensis Presbyteri Epistole. Ed. Migne. Vol. I.

THE letters of the great Church Fathers, from Cyprian to Gregory the Great, extending over more than four centuries, are, to an ordinary reader, the most instructive portion of their writings. They are, for the most part, the letters of men of ability and great devotion, and, in the dearth of any thing like a good Church historian, they form by far the truest and most lively record of Christian history. They are often written with a spirit and freedom, with an unreserved simplicity, and, at the same time, an unrestrained fire, which are a marked contrast to the more formal works of the same authors, and still more to the rapid productions of Eusebius, Sozomen, and Socrates. Thus in Cyprian we see the great Roman, the founder of the high Episcopal spirit of the Church, dealing with those who resisted his authority at once as the kindly Christian Bishop, and yet with something of the tone of a Roman Imperator, deciding with practical Roman wisdom the case of the re-admission of the *Lapsed*, and denouncing with Roman scorn the arrogant schism of the Novatians. In Athanasius, we have a description far more lively than we find elsewhere, both of the orthodox devotion of his monkish supporters, and of what he held to be the judgment of God in the death of his great opponent. The early history of Basil and Gregory at the school of Athens, as it is described in these letters, their romantic friendship and singular quarrels, are a pleasing episode in the midst of the stern struggles and bitter polemics of the Eastern Church; while it is far more in the letters of Basil than in his other writings that we trace the versatile genius, the courage, the gifts of command and administration, which gained for him both the enmity and respect of his old schoolfellow Julian, and made him, after Athanasius, the one practical man whom the East produced, "the great Basil." In the letters, again, of the chief *Latin* Fathers, those of Ambrose contain our only record of some of the greatest scenes of Church history, in which he was himself the actor; and if those of Augustine are of inferior interest, it is because, like almost all great orators, except Cicero, he too often sinks the letter-writer in the rhetorician. Finally, two centuries later, it is in the touching letters

of the first of the great Gregories that we see the man who guided Christendom from his bed of suffering — at one time controlling the barbarian Franks and Lombards by the force of his character, at another entering into the minutest details for the direction of the converted Anglo-Saxons, with a gentle wisdom which has made even Gibbon acknowledge that "the Pontificate of Gregory the Great is one of the most edifying periods in the history of the Church."

And yet the letters of the vehement, rude Dalmatian priest, Eusebius Hieronymus, who retained through life many traces of his semi-barbarous origin, must be placed far above any that we have mentioned, both for their vigour, and still more for their historical interest. We have given a sketch of him on a previous occasion as the most eminent supporter of the early monastic system; but this feature in his character, though it marked his whole life, is far from being the only aspect in which the most learned of all the Fathers deserves to be regarded. Far inferior both in genius and in feeling to Origen and Augustine, Jerome had certain qualities which have made him the most readable, the most modern, and (if such a word may be applied to a Father and a Saint) by far the more amusing, of Church writers. He was the first specimen among them of a thorough literary man, — not a professor, like Origen, or an orator, like Augustine, but a man to whom reading and study were the great delight of his life. His translation of the Scriptures is a model of terse and vigorous Latin, almost a language by itself; and in this respect, as in others, it is deserving to be compared with our own great translation. There is an occasional boldness of thought and language in his Commentaries which startles his modern admirers, horrified his contemporaries, and drew upon him the mild rebuke (by no means mildly answered) of Augustine. But his letters are the best record both of his strange life and his varied ability. Here the curious stories in which he describes his love of the classics and his early hatred of the rough style of the Scripture writers, the singular vision, the voice which he heard in the desert, "You are not a Christian, but a Ciceronian," and the flagellation which followed; the vow which he describes himself as making, and which, if he ever made it, he assuredly broke, that he would never look into the classics again; his almost boundless reading, joined to a power of memory worthy of a Niebuhr or a Scaliger, which is shown in his constant and

apt quotations; the spirit with which he often compares the Scripture writers and the classics,—"David," he says, "is Simonides, Pindar, Flaccus, and Catullus, all in one;" his minute antiquarian learning, which makes him as much at home in Ennius and Nævius as in Cicero: these traits are but a few samples of the old classical spirit strong within him, which is always flashing out in his best writings, and gives life, and even grace, to his savage polemics. Erasmus did not hesitate to place him above Cicero as a letter-writer; and certainly it would be difficult to match from Cicero his bursts of natural eloquence or his condensed and epigrammatic invective. Such are the proverbs—"Ingenuit totus orbus, et se Arianum esse miratus est;" the fine description of St. Paul, "Quem quotiescumque lego videor mihi non verba, sed tonitrua audire," and the constantly quoted sentiment, "Perant qui ante nos nostra dixerint;" words which, few are aware, owe their birth to the old monk Jerome, who occasionally does not even stop short of a patristic "oath," for the words, "O Jesu bone," are of constant recurrence in his letters. But, in fact, he was far enough from being a mere theologian. Monk as he was for half his life, he had thoroughly known the world in its society and its vices during the other half; he is almost as much the satirist and the painter of human life as Juvenal or Horace. His style, too, is an admirable one. He was proud of it; for the fault of underestimating his own powers was not one which could be laid to Jerome's charge, and he more than once describes his habits of composition. "I like," he says in a letter to the Roman noble Pammachius, "to write down a few follies in my note-books, to comment on the Scriptures, to show my teeth a little to my assailants (*remordere ledentes*), and thus to set my digestion into order, and by some practice in general topics to sharpen my arrows* and lay them up against the time of battle." (Ep. 55.) Suffering, however, from a weakness in his eyes, he was in the habit of dictating his letters; and he often begs his correspondents, who were chiefly Roman ladies of high rank, to excuse any want of polish in his expressions. In point of force and spirit, Jerome's letters certainly lost nothing from this habit of extempore composition; but in another respect, for which it never occurred to him to apologize, he might well have done so; for passages of more astonishing coarseness could scarcely be found in the most unreadable parts of Juvenal than many of those which he writes

FOURTH SERIES. LIVING AGE. VOL. VI.

to his high-bred widows and virgins. This habit, considering the extent to which it is carried by the greatest Church writers, is indeed a very startling feature in the manners of the time, on which it is impossible to dwell fully. Wherever it is possible to be coarse, Jerome certainly is so; but we are far more disposed to attribute this to the spirit of his day than to any impurity in his own mind. Whatever the cause, his plain speaking has at least helped to make his letters a most living picture both of the Christian and the still remaining Pagan society of his time. And these are the two principal aspects in which we shall at present regard them.

The period at which St. Jerome's letters were written is indeed one of singular interest, for it was the age of the final struggle between Christianity and Paganism; and it may also be called the golden age of Christian theology. We have already given the outlines of Jerome's own life in his connection with the early days of monasticism, and shall only so far recur to it at present as may be necessary, in order to make his letters intelligible. Coming to Rome as a mere boy, fresh from the provinces, it was but natural, and is, indeed, characteristic of the unsettled temper of the times, that he should have fallen (as Augustine did) into some of the vices of the city;* but even then his life was evidently one of intense study, and after he had repented and been baptized, he passed some time in retirement in Dalmatia, and then suddenly rushed to the East, in order to gratify his passion for a monastic life. He managed, however, soon to quarrel with his monastic friends, and with the spirit of a traveller (which was a curious feature in his character) he returned to Antioch and Constantinople, and then passed through Greece on his way to Rome, making copious notes of all the places he visited, which he afterwards used

* He describes the temptations of the city to which he fell a victim in several passages very powerfully. "Non quasi ignarus fluctuum doctus nauta premonere, sed quasi super naufragio electus in litus, timida navigatoris voce premonere. In illo zestu Charybdis luxuriam salutem vorat. Ibi ore virgineo, ad pudiciliam perpetranda naufragia. Scyllæum renidens libido blanditur. Nolite credere, nolite esse securi." . . . Again, in a singularly powerful, and also singularly coarse letter to the young Eustochium,—"for all the coarsest passages of Jerome are in his letters to ladies,"—he says,—"Non erubescio infelicitatis meæ miseriam confiteri, quia potius plango me non esse, quod fuerim . . . sæpe choris intereram puellarum: pallebant ora jejuniis, et mens desideris æstuebat in frigido corpore, et ante hominem suam in carne præmortuum, sola libidinum incendia bulliebant." (Ep. 22.) Again (Ep. 48, ad Domnionem),—"Virginitatem autem in colum fero, non quia habeam, sed quia magis miror quod non habeo."

with effect in his Commentaries. We find him at Rome about the year 382 A.C.; and although he had hitherto published nothing, and chiefly owed his reputation to some graphic accounts of monastic life which had been read in the coteries of the literary Christian ladies at Rome, his fame for learning, especially as a Hebrew scholar, was already higher than that of any man of his time, and he soon became secretary to the reigning Pope Damasus, and held the scarcely less important post of a sort of professor to what may be called a ladies' college, on the Aventine, which was under the direction of the high-minded and enthusiastic Marcella.* The commencement of his letters dates from the year 370 A.C., about fifteen years prior to the period we are now speaking of; and some of the early ones, written in the desert, are amongst the most interesting of the collection. They range, however, over a period of fifty years, — from the thirtieth year of his own life, to his death at Bethlehem, about 420 A.C.; and may be naturally arranged under three heads: (1) Those written from the Desert of Chalcis; (2) those of his three years of his stay at Rome; and (3) those written during the rest of his life from Palestine. Jerome was not a man to forget the world when he entered his cell; and he has left us in this fifty years' correspondence a far more vivid picture than we could gain elsewhere of the vices of heathen and Christians, clergy and laity alike, in the last days of the great city; and of that mixture of heroism and extravagance which marked the zealous party of the revival under the monks and nuns.

§ 1. LAST DAYS OF PAGANISM IN ROME.

First, then, let us take what was the unique feature of the age of St. Jerome, the transition of the Roman world from Paganism to Christianity. It was a change such as the world had never seen, nor could see again, when the old Roman Senate, which still preserved something of the reality of independence, and was the last strong-

* The account which he gives of this is worth quoting. It is contained in a letter to Asella, written just before he left Rome, and in which he indignantly refutes the calumnies which had been spread against him. "Pene triennium cum eis vixi. Multa me mulierum crebro turba circumdedit. Lectio assiduitatem, assiduitas familiaritatem, familiaritas fiduciam fecerat. Dicant, quid unquam in me aliter senserint, quam Christianum decebat. Pecuniam cuiusquam accepi? Obliquus sermo, oculus petulans fuit? Nihil mihi obijciatur nisi sexus meus; et hoc unquam obijciat, nisi quum Ierosolymam Paula proficiat scitur." — *Ad Asellam*. Ep. 48 (Ed Migne).

hold of Paganism, yielded reluctantly to the Emperor's command, and after a public conflict between the orator Symmachus and the great Christian champion St. Ambrose, it was decreed by Gratian that the last emblem of Rome's Pagan greatness, the statue of Victory (which the first Caesar had placed in the Senate House, which had been removed by Constantine, and restored by Julian), should be ignominiously cast out, and that it should be penal to offer a single sacrifice in any of the three hundred and twenty temples and shrines of what had been so long the Catholic religion of the world. The matter was decided by a formal vote of the Senate, and the scene may indeed at first appear to have its ridiculous side, for there is something ludicrous in the idea of Jupiter being outvoted after a keen debate.* But this is no more than may be said of other religious revolutions, and certainly of our own as much as any, when the faith of centuries was fashioned by the contradictory votes of the parliaments of Henry and Elizabeth; indeed, if we cared to pursue the parallel further, we might find in the closing of many of our own churches after the Reformation, and the immediate flood of immorality, a curious resemblance to the last days of Paganism, and an instructive proof that every disruption of old belief must shock for a time the moral convictions of mankind. For Paganism had been, almost from the beginning of the world, with the small exception of the Jews, what we have just called it, the Catholic religion of civilised man. With little to touch the conscience, it was everywhere what Pericles describes it at Athens, "an attempt to relieve the mind by the daily amusement of its sacrifices;" and its power had been felt at Rome far more than anywhere else. The Roman aristocrat under the Empire was usually no believer in his gods; but the worship, and often the priesthood, of peculiar deities, had become an heirloom in most of the great families; and it seems to have been regarded as a point of honour, especially after the foundation of the rival and Christian Constantinople, to support "the good old cause," "cum populo, patribusque, Penatibus, et Magnis Diis." The fifteen pontiffs, the fifteen augurs, the fifteen keepers of the Sibylline books, the six vestals who guarded the symbols of the eternity of the Empire, on which no mortal eyes might look, the three great flamens of Mars,

* Gibbon has described the scene with his usual sarcasm, c. 28.

Jupiter, and Quirinus, still remained to remind that proud aristocracy of the days when they had been truly "*rerum domini*;" while the numerous confraternities of Salians, Lupercals, Feciales, Sodales, the thousands of priests supported by large endowments from the State, and perhaps even more, the domestic worship of the Lares, the Penates, the *Fratres Ambarvales*, still bore witness to the fact that the daily life of the highest and humblest Roman was leavened by the habits, if not by the belief, of his religion. It was indeed this habit which more than any thing else upheld its sway, and from which the greatest minds were unwilling, or unable, to emancipate themselves. Scipio, whom Polybius describes as a freethinker, was assiduous in his sacrifices; Cicero, who tells us that no two augurs could look each other in the face without a smile, acknowledges to Atticus that the augurship was the highest object of his ambition; and so intense did this feeling continue to the very end, that the greatest Christian Emperors for nearly a century appeared in the astonishing character of being at once the opponents of Paganism and the Pontifices Maximi of the Pagan gods. Even Theodosius, after his absolute prohibition of Pagan worship, failed to uproot it either from the rustic population of the country or from the nobility; and if we may judge from the tone of Augustine's great treatise, the "*Civitas Dei*," it might have maintained its hold for centuries, if the bands of the Goths and Heruli had not buried Paganism under the ruins of Rome.

Stories illustrative of this singular period abound in the great Christian writers of the day. Thus St. Augustine has left us an interesting controversy with Volusianus, a young scion of the great Volusian family, who was his neighbour as proconsul in Africa, and whose mother was a zealous Christian; he was engaged with St. Paulinus in a similar attempt to reclaim a young Christian noble named Licentius, who had been tempted into the ranks of the Pagan party by the promise of a brilliant alliance; and Paulinus himself, who became a leading Christian bishop, had been one of the most eminent members of the Pagan party in the Senate, both as consul and as governor of Gaul, before the time of his baptism. But the most eminent Pagan senator and noble of his day was Vettius Agorius Prætextatus, a man of whom we owe some new notices to the letters of Jerome. He was a character of whom the heathen party were indeed justly proud, for

he represented the best features of the old Roman noble, and was, as the historian Ammianus describes him, "*præclaræ indolis gravitatisque priscae Senator*." He figures as a chief speaker in the *Saturnalia* of Macrobius, the last attempt at an apology for Paganism, and we have a fine letter from the orator Symmachus to Theodosius, in which he prays that a statue may be erected to him, "although he was a man above all dignities, indulgent to others, severe to himself, simple and yet noble, and respected without cruelty." He had borne the highest offices in all parts of the empire, not only in Rome and Greece but in Illyricum, in Lusitania, and in Achaia; and both he and his wife would seem to have been sincere Pagan devotees, and to have attached themselves to that singular revival which was connected with the Mithraic worship of the Sun, which formed the leading feature in the eccentric belief of Julian. His wife is described as priestess of the mysteries of Bacchus, Ceres and Cora, of Isis, and of Hecate. A few years before his death, and within ten years of the final closing of all the temples, he had restored their buildings with great care, and had consecrated in the Capitol the twelve statues of the *Dii Curantes*, the guardian gods of Rome. The mere outline of such a man's life may show us that Paganism even in its last days had powerful supporters in the Senate; and Jerome's description of his death is an evidence to the intense bitterness which prevailed between the more zealous Christian and the old Pagan party at Rome. He is describing the death of a Christian lady of great austerity whom he calls "*Pauper Lea*," and he adds that the benevolent object of his letter was, "*ut doceamus designatum consulem esse in Tarraco*." He then proceeds thus:—

"O quanta rerum mutatio! Ille quem ante paucos dies dignitatum omnium culmina præcedebant, qui quasi de subjectis hostibus triumpharet Capitolinas ascendit arces, quem plausu quodam et tripudio populus Romanus excepit, ad cujus introitum urbs universa commota est, nunc desolatus et nudus, non in lacteo cœli palatio, ut uxor mentitur infelix, sed in sordentibus tenebris, continetur. Hæc vero quam unius cubiculi secreta valebant, ejus vita putabatur amentia, Christum sequitur, et dicit, quæcumque audivimus ita et vidimus in civitate Dei nostri."

Prætextatus and Symmachus were both evidently "Pagans of the Pagans," whose pure blood was unsullied by the least admixture with Christianity. Indeed, the

Christian poet Prudentius, who celebrated the conversion of the Senate in glowing verses, and declares that six hundred noble families had become Christian, —

"Sexcentas numerare domos de sanguine prisco
Nobilium licet, ad Christi signacula versos," —

has some difficulty, when he comes to the point, in finding more than six really *Senatorial* families who had been converted. Amongst them were the Anicii (the earliest and richest converts of all, in the reign of Constantine), the Probi, the Paulini, the Bassi, the Olybrii, and the Gracchi, to whom we should add from Jerome some of the Furii. These, however, were unquestionably some of the noblest families in Rome, and Jerome had a perfect right — speaking as St. Paul would have said "as a fool" — to glorify the great convert Paula, though she might not be quite "Agamemnonis inclyta proles," as one, —

"Scipio quam genuit, Paulli fudere parentes
Gracchorum Soboles, Romani prima Senatus :

• • • • •
Fratrem, cognatus, Romam, patriamque relinquens
Divitias, sobolem, Bethlemitæ conditur antro."

Their conversion made a great gap in the Pagan ranks, and this was sure in time to be widened by a fact which comes out very vividly in some of Jerome's letters, the numerous "mixed marriages" in families half Christian and half Pagan amongst the nobles, which usually ended by making the whole family Christian. Take for example a striking picture which he gives in a graceful letter to a Roman lady named Læta; the wife of Toxotius (the younger), who was himself the son of the "well-beloved" Paula (the elder). Most of Paula's kith and kin had, under the influence of her own strong and fervid mind, become Christians; and when Læta married into the family, it was evidently hard work for her father-in-law, the old Pontifex Albinus, to stand against the blandishments of his Christian children and grand-children. "When your little one meets her grandfather let her hang round his neck and sing the Alleluia in his ears whether he will or no (collo dependeat nolenti *alleluia* decantet)," is the shrewd and not ungentle advice of Jerome; and in his letter to Læta on the education of her daughter, which is full of his usual good sense, and not without something of his usual coarseness, he gives the following lively picture of her Pagan relations; the fol-

lowing passage may be translated, although the forcible style of Jerome's writing will be usually best preserved by the original Latin : —

If any one supposes that I have been too indulgent as your teacher, let him think of the whole family of your distinguished and learned father, but who still walks in darkness, and he will understand the truth of the Apostle's words, that the sweetness of the branches often makes "the root holy." You were born of a mixed marriage, the child of you and my beloved Toxotius was Paula. Who would have believed that the grand-daughter of the Pontifex Albinus would be born of the faith of the mother, that in the presence, and amid the rejoicing, of her grandfather, the babbling tongue of the little one would sing her Alleluia, and that the old man would fondle in his bosom the virgin of Christ. Well and happily have we waited for this. A holy and believing house sanctifies a single unbeliever. He is already a candidate for the faith who is surrounded by a believing crowd of children and grandchildren. Let him spit in scorn, and ridicule my letter, and call me a fool and a madman; this was what his son-in-law did before he believed. Men are made, and not born, Christians. Already the gilded Capitol is in ruins. All the temples of Rome are covered with soot or with the spider's web. The city is moved from its foundations, and the swelling crowds desert the falling shrines to seek the tombs of the martyrs. (Ep. 107, ad Lætam.)

This letter refers to the rapid increase of these conversions from the Pagan nobles, and it supplies us with a still more curious illustration of some of the last struggles between Paganism and Christianity, by a description of what is called the "shutting up of the cave of Mithra." The Mithraic worship, a singular form of Zoroastrianism, had gradually gained an ascendancy among the later forms of worship at Rome, which has never been entirely explained, and it retained to the end a vitality which seems to have made it, more than any other creed, a formidable opponent to Christianity. It is said by Plutarch to have been first introduced into Italy by the Cilician pirates in the war which was ended by Pompey; it was adopted officially by Trajan, and spread in all directions from the time of the Antonines, having its chief temple at Rome in a subterranean cave under the Capitol. Bearing, as it did, a marked Oriental character, it is curious that it should have become quite as popular in the western as in the eastern parts of the empire, for no less than eighty monuments and inscriptions have been found in the Tyrol and in Transylvania. This is not the occasion for a

full account of it; it is enough to say that it evidently owed its influence to an earnestness or asceticism in its character, which (as in the case of the revolting rites of Cybele) gave it a powerful hold over the popular imagination. Its forms of initiation were severe: its votaries were required to swim a river, to fling themselves into the fire, to fast severely, to submit to scourging; while each successive *degree* was represented by the figure of a symbolical animal. It offered, too, in many respects, a marked imitation of Christianity, for it had its baptism for cleansing from sin; a kind of sacred unction like that of confirmation, a bloody sacrifice of a bull, and an offering of bread or wine, which resembled that of the Eucharist. The great Christian Fathers naturally regarded such a mockery with horror and jealousy; but it is obvious that it was to its emblematical encouragement of the moral aspirations of the best Pagans that it owed its power, and we not only find a long list of the highest dignitaries of the Senate inscribed upon its monuments, but men of real earnestness, like Prætextatus and Julian, flung themselves into its worship as the best antagonist to Christianity.*

It required some boldness to assail a worship thus firmly rooted both in the popular and aristocratic feeling; but the first Christian emperors dealt with their Pagan subjects with great consideration, and even the fiery and energetic Theodosius was content to promulgate his edicts against Pagan deities without too strictly regarding their observance. The destruction of the cave of Mithra was, however, evidently looked upon as a considerable feat, and it was carried out by one of the Christian party in the Senate — Gracchus, who happened, soon after Gratian's edict, to be Prefect of Rome, but who apparently had not at the time made an open profession of Christianity. Here, again, Jerome's sarcastic account is very characteristic: —

"Hoc Læta, religiosissima in Christo filia, dictum sit ut non desperes parentis salutem, et eadem fide quæ meruisti filiam et patrem recipias. Nunquam est sera conversio. Latro de cruce transit ad paradisum: et Nabuchodonosor, rex Babylonis, post belluarum in eremo convictum, mentem recepit humanam. Et ut omittam cætera, ante paucos annos propinquus vester Gracchus, nobilitatem patriciam nomine sonans, nonne specum Mithræ, et omnia portentosa simulacra, quibus Corax, Nymphus, Mi-

les, Leo, Perses, Helios, Dromo, Pater, initiantur, subvertit, fregit, excussit, et his quasi obsidibus præmissis, impetravit baptismum Christi?"

These passages may give some faint idea of the last struggles of the ancient worship in its last stronghold — Rome. They prove that it had still amongst its votaries men of great nobleness of character; and even Jerome, with all his fierceness against Prætextatus, is elsewhere ready to acknowledge that "there is an infinite diversity amongst the heathen, some running greedily after vice, while others, by the purity of their morals, are devoted to virtue." In some of its worst forms, Paganism lingered on for ages; and, if our space permitted, it would be curious to trace it, both in its occasional explosions and in the long struggle which it maintained among the rough peasantry of Gaul and Italy against the Christian missionaries of the fifth and sixth centuries. One single example will end our sketch.

When Alaric was at the gates of Rome in 408, the Senate and populace were seized with the old idea that the desertion of the Roman deities was the cause of their misfortunes. Their first act was to strangle Serena, the widow of the great Stilicho and the niece of Theodosius, whom the Pagans hated for a marked insult which she had offered to the worship of Cybele. They then even meditated an open restoration of Paganism, and the Prefect of the city, Pompeianus, collected the Tuscan diviners, who promised, by the help of their incantations, to call down fire from heaven on the barbarians. They demanded, however, as a preliminary, the restoration of the ancient sacrifices; and it was only from this insult to the Emperor that the Senate recoiled. This last burst of Pagan feeling was the cause of the greatest work of Christian antiquity, the "Civitas Dei" of Augustine. After this time, no writer ventured to enter the lists on behalf of Paganism.

§ 2. MORALS OF THE TIME.

II. But the most interesting part of St. Jerome's Letters is that which describes the manners, both Christian and heathen, of his age. Here all his power of sarcasm comes into play, and he gives us the most curious contrasts, often in the life of the same individual, between the decrepit vices of the ordinary Roman, and the fiery and ascetic self-devotion of his earliest Patrician converts. Dealing as he chiefly does with the

* One of the best accounts of the Mithraic worship is found in Beugnot's "Destruction du Paganisme," v. i. 156, and see also M. de Broglie's "L'Eglise et l'Empire," v. iii. 156.

* Ep. 107.

Christian population, he seldom alludes to what were now almost the sole remaining occupations of Pagan life, the theatre, the circus, and the gladiatorial shows, though we learn from St. Augustine that the savage scenes of the arena were nearly as attractive to Christians as to heathens, and a passage in Marcellinus tells us that three thousand dancing girls were under the especial protection of the Senate. But the picture which we get both from Jerome and Marcellinus, if it is not so black as that of Juvenal or Tacitus, shows us the imperial city in the last dregs of effeminacy. The great body of the Plebs was indeed much the same that it had been from the days of Clodius, except that its appetite for being fed at the expense of the empire had grown by indulgence, and its annual consumption of public bacon was calculated in the reign of Valentinian at the modest sum of three million six hundred thousand pounds. Its members had even thrown off the very name of Romans, and were known by the nicknames of their different trades and vices, as the Cabbage-Eaters (*Sempiores*), or the Potwallopers (*Trulle*), or the Gluttons (*Gluturini*), or the Screech Owls (*Cieimbrici*). The Patricians, in spite of their grand titles and pretensions, had sunk even lower. If there was no scope for a Verres or a Clodius among the Pauli and Anicii, there was abundance of "smart, perfumed, long-haired profligates," who alternately encouraged their slaves to murder, and murdered them themselves. They had not courage enough, as we hear, to join in the chase, or strength to visit their properties in Campania: they read no books except the loosest; but they were still Romans enough to snub their clients, and look after inheritances, and divorce their wives. The ladies were of the same effeminate type. To spend their mornings at the glass, to dye their hair of different colours, to rouge their cheeks and colour their eyes, — never to set foot on the ground except when they were carried in the arms of their eunuchs, or drove with an army of servants through the streets, — to wear robes of the lightest silk, on which the heathen painted the amours of Jupiter, and the Christians the miracles of Christ, and which "covered the body without concealing it," — was the common life of the fine Patrician lady. Christian and heathen alike, in the days of Jerome. There were strange stories too of those old scandals of the whole of Roman history, — which, singularly enough, reproduced themselves in the similar days of

Louis XIV., — the arts of sorcery and of poisoning.

A few of these features of Patrician life appear in the warnings which are given profusely enough in Jerome's Letters to his Christian converts. Take the following description of the fashionable lady in the account of Blaesilla, Paula's daughter, who served the world of fashion ("sæculo serviebat") till just before her death: —

"Blæsillam nostram vidimus ardore febrium per triginta ferme dies aestuasse. Redolebat aliquid negligentie, et divitiarum fasciis colligata, in sæculi jacebat sepulchro. Sed infremuit Jesus, et conturbatus in spiritu, clamavit dicens, Blæsilla, veni foras. Quæ vocata surrexit. . . . Vidua nostra ante monilibus ornabatur, et die tota quid sibi deesset querebat ad speculum. Tunc crines ancillulæ disponebant, et mitellis crispantibus vertex arcuabatur innoxius: plumarum quoque dura mollietis videbatur, et in extractis thoris jacere vix poterat; nunc adorandum festina consurgit. Soccus vilior auratorum pretium calceorum egentibus largitur. Cingulum non auro gemisque distinctum est, sed lanceum, et quod possit magis astringere vestimentum quam scindere. Nos quia seriâ veste non utimur Monachi judicamur; si tunica non canduerit statim illud e trivio, impostor et Græcus est."

Some similar traits, mixed with others of a different kind, are given in the letter to Furia, of whom he seems to have stood in some doubt, *de Viduitate servandâ*. He begins by a curious statement that it was the privilege of the race of Camillus never to make second marriages, so that (he adds) "you are not so much to be praised if you persevere in your widowhood, as to be execrated, if you, a Christian, cannot preserve that treasure which none of your heathen ancestors lost;" he then adds: —

"Juvenum fuge consortia. Comatulos, comptos atque lascivos domus tuæ tecta non videant. Cantor pellatur ut noxius. Fidicinas atque Psaltores, et istius modi chorum diaboli, quasi mortifera Sirenarum carmina, proturba ex aedibus tuis. Noli ad publicum subinde procedere, et spadonem exercitu præcune, viduarum circumferri libertate. . . . "Non ambulet juxta te," he says to Salvina, Ep. 79, "calamistratus procurator, non histrio fractus in feminam, non juvenis volus ac nitidus. Nihil artium scenicarum, nihil tibi in obsequiis molle jungatur."

So in the singular but graceful letter to Læta on her daughter's education: —

"Discat, et lanam facere, tenere colum, po-

neri in gremio calathum, rotare fusum, stamina pollice ducere. Spernat bombycum telas, Serum vellera, et aurum in filia lentescent. Talia vestimenta parat quibus pellatur frigus, non quibus vestita corpora nudentur."

It is indeed as easy to describe the day of the fashionable Roman, from St. Jerome, as it is from Horace. We have first a picture of their houses, "the large porticoes, the gilded ceilings, the rooms decorated by the sweat of the prisoners, the basilica, as large as a palace, where the owner may take his daily stroll, as if its ceiling were a grander sight than the vault of heaven." Enter the house, and the first thing which catches your eye will be the "huge antique volumes, written in silver and gold on purple parchments in their initial letters;" but it is not till you get to the dining-room (triclinium) that the Roman life begins. Here "a feast is just beginning of more than royal splendour, the cups and dishes are embossed with gold and silver, pheasants cooked with delicacy by a slow fire, wild fowls, and sturgeon, succeed one another, the band of music strikes up, flutes, lyres, and cymbals, the band of parasites is ready to be ridiculed, even the courtesans enter under the very eyes of the wife." The conversation is of the same style, "the absent are ridiculed, our neighbour's life is examined, we are all pulled to pieces in turn." Those are fortunate homes where the husband and wife have not something to say against each other. Sometimes it is the wife who is to blame, "with her gorgeous robes, her gold, her jewels, her furniture, her litters, her cars, and her eunuchs;" at others she can turn the tables on her husband, "why are all my neighbours better dressed than I? others can be respected, I am a poor creature whom all the world despises. Why are you always talking with other ladies, or flirting with your maid-servants? who are you going to bring home from the Forum to-day?" In fact, the conclusion of a Roman day "is usually bickering, and not seldom poison."*

But the most interesting point in a collection of letters is always the character of the correspondents, and those of Jerome were themselves the best epitome of the spirit of his time. Marcella, Fabiola, Melania, with Paula and her three daughters, and her son, Toxotius, form one of those groups with whom the writings of Roman

Catholic devotees still make us familiar. Marcella, in particular (of whom we have already spoken in a previous article), was perhaps one of the most striking characters to be found in religious history; while Fabiola and the fiery young Spaniard Melania supplied an element of romance and eccentricity, to which there was a good deal akin to Jerome himself. The Spanish Christians, indeed, including the great Theodosius and Hosius of Cordova, played a great part in those days; and there was the national union of hardness and enthusiasm in Melania, in which Jerome particularly delighted; for he tells us that when she lost her husband and her two children, she never shed a tear, but exclaimed, "I shall serve Thee, O Lord, more freely now that I am relieved from my burdens." The central figures of the group, however, were the heads of the great Æmilian family, Paula and her three daughters, Eustochium, Blaesilla, and Paulina, with the husband of the last, Pammachius. Jerome, who was a good deal of an aristocrat, was not a little proud of these first-fruits of the Roman Senate, "the descendants of Scipio and Paulus, the children of the Gracchi," and in a living passage of rather questionable taste he describes them as his Christian "four-in-hand" (quadriga), though, to make the number of the horses right, he is obliged to forget poor Blaesilla, the fashionable daughter, whom he appends in a postscript as a sort of outrider. The passage is a specimen of some of Jerome's peculiarities, and may serve as a sketch of the party.

"In these three Christian women," he says, "I recognize three different gifts of Christ; Eustochium gathers the flowers of virginity, Paula treads the toilsome path of widowhood, Paulina keeps pure the marriage bed; and that one house may possess its four-horsed chariot of holiness, Pammachius is now added to them like a true cherub of Ezekiel. Of this chariot Christ is the charioteer. These are the horses of which Habacuc sings, 'ride upon these horses, and thy chariots are Salvation.' The horses indeed are of different colours, but they are all full of the same spirit, not waiting for the stroke of the whip, but bounding forward at the voice of the charioteer."

During the life of Paula's husband Toxotius, they had all "served the fashions of the world" (seculo serviebat); and Pammachius was apparently the only man of the family who was a zealous Christian: after his wife's death, he was the first Roman senator who became a monk, and Jerome describes, in his lively style, the strange

*The descriptions given in letters to different correspondents (ad Marcellam, 43, ad Furiam 44) are combined in this sketch with some passages in the works against Helvidius and Jovinian.

spectacle "of the descendants of consuls, the glory of the Tuscan race, who was not ashamed to walk in his rough black dress among the scarlet robes of the senators, and who could meet with jeats of his own the ridicule of his old companions" (Ep. 66). The whole party gathered round Marcella in her convent-palace on the Aventine, in something of the spirit of a French salon of Madame de Longueville; and Jerome, when he was accused of living too much with ladies, retorted, sharply, that they were the only persons with either sense or religion in Rome—or, as he called it—"in Babylon, under its King Satan." He sometimes, indeed, lorded it severely enough over these converts, of whom Marcella was the only one who could, as he says, "stop his mouth with her fingers," and keep him in order. He was especially annoyed at any excessive grief on the death of relations,—indeed, he always regarded the loss of a husband as a "liberation;" and poor Paula wept too much over the lively, and, as Jerome calls her, "lazy," Blaesilla, he told her roughly that "she was worse than a heathen, that these tears are detestable, and that, when he compared her behaviour with the calmness of the wife of Prætextatus, he found that the handmaid of the devil was better than the handmaid of Christ." We cannot help feeling sorry when he persuaded her to exchange her great sphere at Rome for a cell at Bethlehem; but the letter in which he describes her life and death, though sometimes extravagant, is full of beautiful touches. After saying how cleverly she had confounded the arguments of "a horrid viper, and most deadly beast"—probably Jovinian—he gives a few traits of the family:—

"I will mention another of her achievements which will seem wonderful to those who have made the same attempt. She wished to learn Hebrew—which, for my own part, I have studied diligently from childhood, and still continued to study it lest she should leave me behind—and she so completely mastered it as to sing the Psalms in Hebrew, and without the slightest Latin accent. The same was the case with her holy child Eustochium, who was so devoted to her mother's every wish, that she would scarcely leave her for a moment, never could eat or sleep apart from her, and rejoiced when she saw her mother distributing her whole property to the poor, believing that her own love to her mother was her best wealth and inheritance. Nor must I forget to mention how deep was her joy when she heard that her little grand-daughter Paula, the child of Læta and Toxotius, who was born, as it were, in answer to the vows and prayers of her parents for her

virginity, had begun in her very cradle, and while she still played with her rattles, to sing the Alleluia, and to utter the names of her aunt and grandmother in her broken words. This was the only longing which she retained to the last for her country, that she might know that her son and his wife and their daughter had left the world, and become servants of Christ. In part she had her wish. For her grand-daughter is reserved to be the bride of Christ, her daughter-in-law has now devoted herself to a single life (apart from her husband), her mother-in-law is following her at Rome in those works of faith and charity which she herself has ended at Jerusalem."

The monastic spirit is strong in all this, as it is in every letter of St. Jerome's; but the monastic spirit was needed at the time, and, indeed, for many an age, to keep alive the fire of Christianity; and it would only be but a narrow bigotry which could shut its eyes to the elevation of feeling, and the high sense of duty which has inspired such characters as those of Paula and Marcella.

§ 3. TONE OF JEROME'S THEOLOGY.

We have treated in detail the two subjects which strike us as most interesting in the Letters of Jerome, and can only glance at the almost innumerable passages which throw light on other historical, literary, and theological questions, not only of his day, but of our own; for Jerome was at home in history, chronology, and literature, quite as much as in theology, and his passion for travelling has bequeathed to us some most curious notices of the places he visited. If he is wandering in Palestine, he gives the antiquities of every place; and thus it is to him that we owe the most graphic account of the steps taken by the early emperors to desecrate the birthplace of Christianity, when

"From the days of Hadrian to those of Constantine, for 150 years, the temple of Jupiter stood on the scene of the resurrection, and the marble statue of Venus was placed by the heathen on the rock of the cross; for our persecutors believed that if they could but pollute our holy places by idols they would destroy our faith in the cross and the resurrection."

If again he is describing the death of an eminent Christian, Nepotianus, it suggests to him the finest passages of the heathen poets upon death; and after applying the line of Ennius—"licet lacrymare plebi, regi honeste non licet"—to the calmness which should mark the death of a Christian bish-

op, he suddenly breaks out into a description of the view of the world which he then saw before his eyes:—

"If I could ascend the watch-tower of Xerxes, who wept at the thought of the death of his myriads, I would show you," he says, "the fall of the whole world, the Roman blood which has now flowed daily for twenty years in every land between the Alps and Constantinople; the Goths, the Quadi, the Sarmatians, the Alans, the Huns, the Vandals, and the Marcomans, wasting every part of Dalmatia, Thrace, Macedon, Epirus, and Achaia."*

But, as became the greatest commentator of his age, his chief interest lies in doctrine and in the exposition of Scripture; and it is in these respects that his statements are most valuable, in throwing light on the religious feelings and temper of his time in a way which would surprise those who look for nothing but "blind bigotry" in a "Father." He was certainly in temper and expression a vehement, and, in fact, a very bitter, churchman; and no one would have uttered the words more heartily, "Errare possum, hæreticus esse nolo." But this only makes his testimony more emphatic, as showing the liberality and almost license of sentiment and opinion of which a "Saint" in the fourth century was not afraid. Not only do we find him assailing with his usual scorn the vices and venality of the clergy, giving little quarter to bishops, handling Augustine himself very roughly, and inveighing, in a tone which has never been uncommon with saints, against extravagance in church decoration ("some," he says, "build the walls and destroy the pillars of the church; the marble shines, the roof glitters with gold, the minister of Christ alone is indifferent"); but he also speaks on some of the most important subjects with a freedom which it required all Augustine's charity to excuse, and which, to say the truth, sometimes comes very near to irreverence and profaneness. Jerome's opinions on theology—and this topic is the last which we have space to dwell upon—were, in fact, greatly influenced by his admiration for the most learned man whom the church had hitherto produced, Origen. It is clear from his letters that he was suspected of being his follower, and though in his later life he was anxious to clear himself from the imputation, he will only declare that, if he had once been an Origenist, he was so no longer; while in his earlier days he speaks of Origen's condemnation, in a letter to

Paula, with the greatest contempt, and declares that "Rome had compelled the Senate to it, not for any novelty of doctrine or for heresy, as some mad hounds are now pretending; but because they could not bear the glory of his eloquence and learning, which put them to silence." (Ep. 33. Migne.)

Considering the freedom of Origen's speculations, this was very bold language; but Jerome went further, for he adopted, to a much greater extent than any other of the Fathers, Origen's daring method of interpreting Scripture, and while strongly condemning his fanciful notions on the migration of souls after death, he evidently shared his doubts on the eternity of future punishment.* He had been early struck, as he tells us, by the minute inaccuracies, and by what he even ventures to call the "apparent figments" of some of the historical parts of Sacred Scripture, and his first idea was (as he says to Pope Damasus), that they admitted of no explanation—"indissolubilia esse, sicut et multa sunt alia." (Ep. 36). He particularly instances the different accounts of the generations of the Israelites in Egypt. His learned friends at Rome, however, particularly Marcella and Fabiola, were not content with so vague an answer, and the former was constantly sending him five or six puzzling questions. "Your great questions stir up my torpid wits," he says to Marcella, "and by stirring me up you teach me." In fact, he cut the knot of his difficulties by following the example of Origen, who almost entirely discarded the literal and historical meaning, and in his treatise, *περί Αποκ.*, and elsewhere speaks of the Mosaic cosmogony almost as a fable. Jerome does not, indeed, go the whole length of his master; but he finds many passages "ridiculous and full of error, if we follow the letter which kills," and as regards the Old Testament, his principles of allegorical interpretation almost lead him to the conclusions of modern sceptics. This may sound to some an astonishing assertion about a Father, especially as we are used to "Catena" drawn up on this subject, to the effect that all the Fathers believed "every word, every syllable, every iota," &c., of Scripture to be equally inspired. Let any one, then, take the trouble to see how Jerome treats the story of Abishag, and the

* We shall not discuss this point at present, and Jerome is of course (and wisely) more reserved with regard to it. But his opinion is expressed in the concluding passage of his Commentary on Isaiah, and on chap. xxiv. v. 21. This is noticed in a remarkable treatise by Bishop Newton, "On the Final State of Men."

* Ep. 60. 58.

† Ep. 52.

letters about the birth of Rehoboam (Ep. 52 and 72: Migne), and he will see that we rather understate than overstate the case.* The "Mimes and the Atellan games were amongst the most indecent of the ancient spectacles, yet Jerome does not hesitate to say that if any one takes the story of David and Abishag literally, it must seem to them "some figment of a mime, or an Atellan play." Jerome's railery on such a subject was not likely to be delicate, nor is it necessary further to allude to it; it is enough to say that, with the deepest reverence for Scripture, he repeatedly disclaims belief in its verbal accuracy, and at the end of his letter lays down the general principle, which is worth quotation:—

"The apostle," he says, "when he speaks against endless genealogies and Jewish fables, seems to me to have forbidden questions of this kind. For what is the use of clinging to the letter, and assailing *either the errors of the writer or the exact number of years*, when it is plain that the letter killeth but the Spirit giveth life? Read over all the books both of the Old and New Testament, and you will find such disagreements in the chronology, and the confusion in numbers so great between the kingdoms of Israel and Judah, that to waste time on questions of this kind is more suited to an idle man than a studious one."

Nor, as this passage may show us, does he at all confine his criticisms to the Old Testament; he is equally bold in facing difficulties and apparent disagreements in the New. Take, for instance, his letter to his convert Pammachius "on the best mode of interpreting Scripture." After referring to St. Matthew's account of the prophecy of the thirty pieces of silver, "there was fulfilled that which was written of Jeremiah the prophet," Jerome adds, "this is not found at all in Jeremiah, but in Zechariah, in wholly different words and in a different order: let them, then, accuse the Evangelist of falsehood, because he neither agrees with the Hebrew nor with the LXX., and, what is more, is mistaken (erret) in the name of Jeremiah instead of Zechariah;" and he proceeds to instance similar inaccuracies in St. Mark, especially in the substitution of the name of Abiathar as High

Priest for that of Abimelech. Instances of this kind are of constant recurrence. We do not quote them with a view to defend his general style of allegorical exposition, which appears in its full extravagance, though not without some of his usual humour, in his Scripture arguments against marriage and *digamy*. "Non damno digamos, immo si velint octogamos," he says, "for in the Ark there were unclean animals as well as clean;" but still "the single number is the only 'pure one,' *impar numerus est mundus*, and it is particularly to be observed that "God did not bless the second day in Creation, because the number *two* was impure." Absurd as all this sounds, it was but the temper of the times, and even that of the old Greek philosophers; and however fanciful Jerome might be in speculations, which were in the spirit of all the Fathers, it is plain that he did not want boldness in dealing with what he held to be merely questions of history and criticism.

At this point we must pause for the present, though certainly from no lack of materials; for we have already said that no contemporary document gives us so keen and clear an insight into the history of one of the most critical epochs of Christianity as the Letters of St. Jerome. They are open, indeed, to the charge that they set before us only the darker side of the picture, for Jerome, though a thoroughly earnest and religious man, was even in his cell at Bethlehem a caustic satirist. To see the tenderer and deeper side of the Christianity of the period, we must turn to St. Augustine. And yet it is a fact of inestimable importance, that among the chroniclers of Church history, among the very Fathers of the Church, should be found a man with the strong sense and knowledge of the world, the inquiring spirit, and even the stern and uncompromising temper of Jerome. We have thought it best, even at the risk of some rough and coarse quotations, to show him as he *was* and as he *spoke*; and with all the deductions which may be made from his character, he will always remain a great man, — a man of keen wit, of vast memory and learning, of original power of thought and language, and one whose life, amidst many faults of temper and some of conduct, was yet sincerely devoted to the service of God.

W. C. LAKE.

* Jerome's Letters on the Study of the Sacred Scriptures are very numerous and important. See especially 52, 53, 57, 59, 71, 72; Ed. Migne.

From the Spectator, 29 June.

THE APPROACHING EVENT IN ROME.

It is more than probable, it is almost certain, that one of the strangest scenes of an age fertile in strange scenes is about to transact itself in Rome. We are informed on good authority, which cannot on such a point be mistaken, that Reuter's unnoticed telegram of the 26th inst. is true, that the Papacy, in its despair, has resolved to use its last resource, to wield once more the weapon which for three hundred years Popes have dreaded to unsheathe, lest it should be turned against themselves, to summon once more the body which even the Ultramontanes hold to be greater than the Popes, the mystic depository of inspiration, the Sovereign Parliament of the Universal Church. Unless the Pope is daunted at the eleventh hour by the remonstrances of the few men around him who still retain their secular sense, or the Princes of this world interfere, or the instinct of danger which always protects Catholicism warn the governing committee of the Society of Jesus, the gathering of Bishops, Patriarchs, and Archimandrites now assembling in Rome, from the East and the West, a gathering which already represents all the Christian nations of the world, which has flocked up from the newest as from the oldest lands, from Ohio and Florida as from Lebanon and Armenia, is to be changed into an Ecumenical Council of the Church, a real Council, with power to depose Popes and modify creeds, to declare new dogmas and establish new formulas of discipline, a true successor to the Council of Trent. An appeal is to be made to the one power before which even Liberal Catholics bow, the one authority to which belief is due, on the Catholic theory, as well as obedience. The plan, a rooted one with the Society of Jesus for the past thirty years, has been very carefully laid. Needless to say that the Popes and the Society would equally dread a true Council, a representative Assembly of Christendom, possessed of absolute power and free to use it; but a packed Council —? Might not the potent instrument be employed without danger of its asserting an independent volition, be so constructed as to represent the Vatican instead of Christendom? The Society think it can, and Archbishop Manning also thinks it, and so does Cardinal Antonelli, and it is by no means certain that they think wrong. All appointments to the Episcopate have for years been governed by this thought, the

list is choked with Ultramontanes of the deepest dye, and so long ago as September last a letter was addressed to the Bishops asking their views as to the expediency of summoning a General Council. The majority of the replies are believed to have been favourable; but immense care has been employed in the invitations. French and Spanish priests are swarming in Rome, and are reinforced, first, by Bishops selected because of their extreme opinions; and secondly, by Oriental Bishops whose primary idea is obedience, and who have assembled in such numbers, that with their strange dresses, dark features, and conspicuous bearing, they seem in the streets of Rome to outnumber their Western colleagues. One of them, a mere lad of surpassing presence, seems at this moment to concentrate on himself the attention of a populace surprised by his beauty and the strangeness of his costume out of its indifference to dignitaries of the Church. The ultimate design, moreover, has been carefully concealed. The ostensible cause of the gathering is the elevation of certain martyrs to the degree of saintship, and it is noteworthy that the first of these martyrs, the man whose deeds are depicted on paintings hung by the altar of St. Peter's, is a priest best described as the Marat of Catholicism, Arboes, the Spanish Inquisitor, perhaps the worst even among Spanish Inquisitors, a man infamous even in the annals of the Inquisition, who gloated over roasting Jews, and perished at last by no martyrdom, but at the hands of an infuriated relative of his victims. This, we say, was the ostensible reason; but the prelates were, of course, privately informed that more would be attempted, that it had become expedient to revise some ancient statutes, and invest the Pope with a more plenary measure of authority over the discipline of the Church. As the Bishops arrived, however, it was found that the fervency of their zeal would bear much more than this, — the spell of Rome began to fall upon them, and at last the great idea was broached that the time had arrived for changing the Republic into a monarchy by formally declaring as a dogma of the Faith the personal infallibility of the Pope, thus investing the occupant of the Chair with the full power of a General Council, to which there is, at all events, no theoretic limit, to proclaim dogmas, to promulgate rituals, alter discipline, — in short, do every thing which by possibility can be done by the Universal Church. All laws are to shrink before that supreme will, and trifles such as, for example, the sum-

mary unfrocking of Cardinal Andrea, which is at present beyond the Pope's power, will be as easy as writing a despatch. The whole of that mass of decrees, statutes, traditions, and customs by which the inordinate power of the central Bishop is at present regulated and moderated will be at once deprived of authority, save such as they may derive from the forbearance or the wisdom of the ruling Pontiff. It would even be possible to him to alter the form of succession to his own Primacy; and no concordat, unless supported by temporal power, could any longer be of force. It is useless, however, to multiply further illustrations. It suffices that from the instant the decree is passed, the breath of a single mouth becomes the supreme law of the Church, that an individual replaces the mystic Corporation, and that the faith of the half of Christendom becomes dependent on a personal will. The mass of Protestants we believe, think it is so now; but they are in error, the power of the Pope over belief, and, indeed, over action, being more strictly limited than they are accustomed to suppose. He has, indeed, no power of establishing dogma, and exceedingly little of varying, or suspending the essential ordinances of discipline,—could not, for example, limit, enlarge, or even closely define the sacerdotal power of absolving sinners. He and his Congregations together could, but only by interpretations, glosses, and explanations, not by mere decree. The Catholic world, at all events, will feel the full importance of the change, and the single question is, will the decree in its full plenitude be passed?

We cannot bring ourselves to believe it. That the ruling Powers in the Vatican intend, if they can, to pass it, is beyond doubt, but there are able men even in Rome, men who know the world which does not confess to them, men bred up in an atmosphere which is not that of Rome, genuine English Catholics, German prelates who understand Döllinger, Frenchmen who are not free from the "taint" of Gallicanism; and they are murmuring almost audibly, whispering that it will be wise to pause, suggesting a thought which weighs heavily in the Pope's own mind. Can he trust the Council? Once assembled, the Council is all-powerful, its members must be free to speak, and who

knows what will be said, or how infectious eloquence may prove? Even Bishops have grievances, the Society of Jesus is not loved, and the tremendous machine once set in motion may accomplish far more than its authors intended. Is there not danger that the dogma may in the end be rejected, to the sad weakening of authority, or that the Council may add riders which, by explaining, will restrict it, or that the secular Princes, alarmed at such absolutism, may intervene with the arm of flesh? Napoleon does not love Ultramontanism, or Italy, or any secular Prince, when presented in this undisguised form. Even the Bishops see danger in it for themselves, think that it changes the ecclesiastical Republic into too complete a Cæsarism. These whispers circulate fast, and are mingled with others which, out of Rome, would be doubts, doubts whether the Church can abdicate her supremacy, whether aught but herself can be infallible, whether the function delegated to her by Christ can be delegated even by herself in Council to any human hands. The Pope pauses, struck with the enormous magnitude of the revolution he proposes; informs the Bishops in Consistory that he will summon the Council, but does not fix the time, or even issue that notice to Christendom with which even he, who really believes in his own mystic authority, really thinks that he is more than the mouthpiece of the Universal Church, will not venture to dispense. He may recede, even now, busily as Archbishop Manning works on to his end with the full approval of the Vatican; but if he persists, and the gathering to canonize Arbores be changed into an Ecumenical Council, 1867 will be marked in history by an event greater than Sadowa, nothing less than the proclamation throughout the world of the descent of a new Avatar. Imagine! it is not only possible but likely, that, in the nineteenth century, the larger section of Christendom may be called on by irresistible authority—for the decree of a Council is to Roman Catholics throughout the world irresistible—to believe that the written utterance of a single human being is equivalent in obligation to a revelation from on High. It seems incredible; but in spite of the denials with which, if the scheme is postponed, we shall be flooded, it is true.

From Fraser's Magazine.

ON POETRY.

THE spirit of poetry in man is that force which everywhere and through various means is urging him to the production of something beautiful — to the production of Beauty. Through Metrical Speech it finds one channel to express itself. Through this, it expresses itself on the whole more completely than in any other way. And, therefore, Metrical Speech, in its best examples, is called 'Poetry': this manifestation of the Poetic Spirit is called 'Poetry' — *par excellence*.

But the word 'Poetry' is used sometimes in *this* sense, sometimes in the wider and more general sense; and thus is produced, perhaps, some haziness in our minds. The words Poetry, Poet, Poetical, are often applied in a loose, indefinite manner. A beautiful place or prospect is called poetical; a starry night perhaps; a romantic incident; a noble action; a fair face or form. A picture, a piece of music, is said to be poetical, or 'full of poetry.' Dancing has been called 'the Poetry of Motion'; Sculpture, 'silent Poetry'; Beethoven is sometimes styled a 'tone-poet'; Turner, a 'poet in colours.'

In these cases, perhaps we mean, 'Here is a manifestation of the Spirit of Poetry'; or, perhaps, 'Here is something that impresses us like Metrical Poetry — puts us into a similar mood.' We may, consciously or unconsciously, refer either to the ideal source of all kinds of Poetry, or else to the flower and finest embodiment of the Spirit of Poetry which exists in metrical language; we may be using the words Poet and Poetry in a direct sense, or an indirect, or partly in the one and partly the other. Hence, some indistinctness and confusion of thought; greatest, when we come to compare one form of words with another form of words, and to call Prose 'poetical,' or even to call Prose 'Poetry,' as is done every day. What more common than to praise some rich and sonorous bit of prose-writing, or some flight of oratory, as 'highly poetical?' and now and again we go farther, and declare it to be 'true poetry.'

Let us examine this a little. Richly coloured and melodious sentences there are in the writings of several of our high prose-writers. Many parts of our English Bible have a powerful poetic impressiveness. If you call these 'poetry,' do I dissent? No. Substantially we agree. The question that

remains is one of words, of definition of words.

Here is a passage you say, which embodies the spirit of poetry in a powerfully impressive form. As to this, we are of one mind. Also it has a very discernible rhythm and modulation of sound — a greater degree of this than ordinary prose. Thus it has not only the high spiritual qualities of Metrical Poetry, but a noticeable degree also of the peculiar quality of *metre*. This does not amount to a regular metre, or the composition would be Metrical Poetry. It approaches, but is not, Metrical Poetry: it is something else. Might we not call it Rhythmic Prose? Then 'Rhythmic Prose' (you remark) may be, and is as high, perhaps a higher thing than regular Poetry. Not so either.

In certain grand and rare examples of Rhythmic Prose, the matter, the substance, is transcendently impressive, and the total effect upon the mind more powerfully poetic than the effect of any lower matter in a regular metrical form. Still, as a general rule, and other qualities being equal, and the matter expressed being suitable for rhythmic treatment, a composition in regular metrical form is more impressive than one which is not in regular metrical form. Nay, must not the Psalms be finer still in their original form than in any translation? and that original form is metrical, after the Hebrew manner. Isaiah and Ezekiel, too, and the author of 'Job,' recognised Metrical Poetry as a thing different from Prose, and rose into it when they felt need of their highest means of expression.

'Poetry' — *Poiesis* — Making — in the widest sense (as applied to man) I take to mean the mental Creative Energy, and its products — the whole group of the inventing, systematising, and ordering faculties; that energy which is the earthly well-head (but drawn from a higher invisible source) of morals, laws, arts, society.

Long usage has applied the word more distinctively to the Fine Arts — those arts which spring from, and appeal to, our sense of Beauty: and, in its strictest application, we confine the word Poetry to one particular Fine Art — that which expresses beauty through metrical speech. When any one speaks simply and without qualification of Poetry, he is understood to mean *Metrical* Poetry, and nothing else. And it is in this sense that I desire to use the word.

Now, Poetry is a different thing from Prose. Prose is sometimes very like Poetry; but speaking broadly, Prose and

Poetry are two distinct things, and ought, I submit, to have two distinct names. You might ask me to call the latter Verse; but I don't see that we need give up the old and honoured name, by which metrical Poetry is marked as Poetry *par excellence*.

Poetry includes every highest quality of Prose, and includes them in a definitely metrical and musical form, peculiar to itself: but observe, this form is not a mere grace and decoration; it is found by experience to give to words their greatest attainable force and beauty, and as a rule to convey the highest thoughts incomparably better than Prose. Poetry is metrical, Prose is non-metrical: they are thus at first definable by their forms: but the distinction is found to permeate their substance and spirit.

No doubt (though each has its proper realm, its own authority and laws) there is a kind of borderland where they sometimes mix. Prose is never without some share of rhythm and modulation, because these are inherent qualities in human speech; and in the best rhythmical prose this rises into a near approximation to the effect of metre. There are many gradations of rhythm from the merest Prose — say of an Act of Parliament, rising through that of a statement in the *Nisi Prius* Court, of a familiar letter, of a conversational narrative, of a newspaper leading-article, of an eloquent novel, of an impassioned oration, up to the rich, emphatic and almost lyrical modulation of our intensest prose-writers.

So, in the Pictorial Art, you may pass from a design in simple outline, to one in outline shaded, to a woodcut, an etching, an engraving, a tinted sketch, a sketch in colours; and upwards, by gradations, till you arrive at the finished water-colour or oil picture.

Now, an etching, or even a design in outline, may exhibit the highest qualities of the Pictorial Art in larger measure than many a painting. You might properly prefer one of Rembrandt's etchings, or one of Dürer's woodcuts, to a large and careful picture by Benjamin West, although President of the Royal Academy, and admired by George the third. Yet, in the finished picture only, the Pictorial Power uses all its means. And it is in organised metrical poetry that human speech attains its most perfect and impressive form.

But let us rather consider Prose in its usual and average condition, when it is most in its own character, and less emulous of those qualities which are the espe-

cial property of Poetry. Taking the simple and usual point of view, Prose is obviously one thing, and Poetry another.

It is in the very nature of Prose to be *non-metrical*; and it is artificially put together with that very intention. Prose is a later, less natural, more conventionalised and artificial form of composition, than Poetry. The metrical qualities of language are by effort and practice subdued, reduced to a minimum, kept out of observation. Prose is the expression of the scientific and analytical intellect, striving to take things separately, to examine them narrowly, little by little, continually guarding and limiting itself in its progress. Prose is careful, cautious, judicial; its business-like eyes fixed upon some attainable object, towards which it moves step by step, whether slowly or swiftly, lifting right foot after left in due succession. Vehement, high-coloured and notably rhythmic Prose, even when successful, is felt to be on the confines, if not over the boundary, of its proper dominion; it is only allowable in exceptional cases; if much used, it becomes disagreeable. In good Prose, as a rule, metrical forms are avoided. Metrical forms are felt to belong to a *mood* different from that to which Prose, as Prose, addresses itself; they belong to the *poetic mood*, in short, wherein imagination rather than intellect is paramount; a mood of delight, not of investigation, when the soul is lifted from the ground, and moves on pulsing wings in a new and freer element.

Prose Composition, then (we say) is a form of language growing out of scientific limitations and the spirit of analysis, and is only perfectly attained through the culture of ages. In early times every thing was chanted. The chief works in Sanskrit upon grammar, law, history, medicine, mathematics, geography, metaphysics, are in verse; verse being more natural, and more memorable. Science in those days was far from being so strict, scholastic, pedantic, as in ours (but there are changes gathering in the atmosphere of Science), for imagination came largely into all processes of thought; the feeling of the unity of the world, and of the general mystery of things, showed itself in every department of study; the universal was felt in the particular. Mean associations of ideas and words (always caused by separation from the universal) were fewer than they now are. With the progress of culture came necessarily division of studies, definitions, exclusions, application to particulars, and the growth of Prose as a distinct vehicle of thought.

Poetry, by this (you may say), would ap-

pear to belong to a barbarous condition of humanity. Say, rather, to a simple and primeval condition. After science and analysis have done their best, there is still need for us nineteenth-century people to make a synthesis, and a larger synthesis than ever: to rise from anatomic studies to the contemplation and enjoyment of Life — from particulars to the universal. The Man of Science, the Man of Business, break up the whole into little bits, for analysis, for calculation, for sale; the Poet reconstructs the shattered world, and shows it still complete and beautiful.

Poetry proper (the Poetry of which I speak) is metrical, by the nature of it. Metre is *sine qua non*; and though you may compare this given specimen of Prose with that given specimen of Poetry, and prefer the former, and even rightly prefer it, and prove that it possesses a larger share of poetic qualities than the latter, yet the one remains a different quality of thing from the other. And however high the degree of poetic expression that has, in exceptional instances (fewer, perhaps, than we vaguely fancy), been attained in Prose, Metrical Poetry remains the best medium of poetic expression. The works of the Poets — of the high men who wrote in metre, are, as matter of fact, the real treasury of poetic language. The Sense of Beauty, seeking expression in words, finds in Metrical Poetry its most fitting embodiment.

Metre, I repeat (for there is much misconception as to this), is the natural form of Poetry; and it brings about certain important results, for thereby is Poetry constituted as one of the Arts — an Art which is perhaps the earliest, as it is the most famous of them all.

Art comes to man before Science; also, it comes after Science, and includes it.

'But what is your boasted Art, after all, but a toy — a knack of rhymes and metres?'

Yes! — and what in fact, too, are bits of cobalt and vermillion, when you come to consider them dispassionately? What is Raphael's brush? a tag of bristles (you may count them, if you like) — what is Mozart's harpsichord? a frame of chips and wire. And what are you yourself, my friend? — what am I? — but a bundle of rods, and strings, and pipes? Only, somehow, there is a something slipt in which we call *Life* — nay, *Soul*, — and which makes a difference. We don't know what it is: we see it in its effects.

Poetry has a good deal of life in it. What is old Homer himself, this very long

time, but a name, a dream, a question? But the Homeric Poems are alive at this day over the face of the earth, springing up fresh and fresh like grass, new to every new generation. They have outlived dynasties, and nations, and creeds. Two hundred and fifty years ago, William Shakespeare's body (eyes and hands, tongue and brain) was hidden in the ground beside a little river in Warwickshire; but his Book is not buried in this world yet, — it is running about, lively enough. He put himself, partly, into words — into words of poetry.

Why do we love and reverence Art? Because it gives a natural scope, and lasting expression, to *Genius*.

Why is 'Painting' a grand word? Because the Art of Painting has embodied for us the genius of such men as Van Eyck and John Bellini, Raphael and Titian, Holbein and Hogarth and Turner.

What is glorious in music? That it keeps for us, safer than wine in its flask, the fine inspirations that come (we know not how, they knew not how) to a Bach, a Gluck, a Handel, a Mozart, a Purcell, a Beethoven, a Rossini; and to those nameless men who made the delicious old melodies of Ireland, and Scotland, and Wales.

And even so, by the Art of Poetry has embodied itself the power and beauty and wisdom and versatility of the minds of the Greek, Latin, Oriental, Italian, Spanish, German, English Poets, — a noble crowd. The work of these men cannot be held as toyish and trifling. Their place in human history is honourable, and most honourable. The Art through which they reach us, through which they belong to us, certainly is wonderful, and to be revered.

I had intended to submit in this place some thoughts on Painting, Sculpture, and Musical Composition, distinguishing these, along with Poetry, as *Creative Arts*, — of course using the word 'creative' in no absolute sense; and also on Acting, on Musical Performance, and on Oratory, describing these as *Arts of Personal Communication*; as well as on the semi-fine-arts (is there no good phrase for them?) which ally beauty with usefulness. Architecture I reckon one of these: also Prose-Writing, which is perhaps to Poetry what Architecture is to Sculpture and Painting; mere Prose being mere building, like Baker Street, or Pimlico, or a brick wall; good Prose rising and rising, till it meets, competes, almost blends with Poetry. But it seems better to refrain for the present than to deal with these mat-

ters too cursorily: and I leave untouched the question as to Landscape-Gardening's place among the arts.

Metre is the bodily form of Poetry: and now on metre let us say a few words. Metre, a stimulant and a delight, acts through the ear. A man deaf from his birth could not taste the true enjoyment of Poetry: though he might have some pleasure, through the eye, from those verses arranged in the visible forms of eggs, altars, turbots, lozenges, which you see in old-fashioned books.

Metrical movement in words, — swing, emphasis and cadence, melodious and varied tones, rhythm and rhyme, have (as matter of fact) certain peculiar effects upon us. Some people are more moved than others, more vibrant; but all (unless notably defective) are thus moved in some degree.

We do not examine or estimate the Art of Painting or the Art of Music, according to the impressions of those who have least natural sensibility to those arts; nor need we stop to consider degrees of sensibility to Poetry, or to argue with those who care little or nothing for Poetry, or complain of them, or lament over them. Innumerable people know, from experience, that metrical movement tends to draw the mind into, and keep it in, a particular mood — a mood peculiarly favourable to certain impressions. Partly the mind is drawn, partly it yields. Its own feeling coincides with the known intention of the writer, or speaker. It receives, and it prepares itself for delight. It is at once soothed and stimulated. It desires and expects warmth of feeling, beauty of imagery, subtlety and rapidity of thought, refined, rich, and expressive forms of words, in the best possible order.

And all these are given to it by good Poetry. In its melodious movement, it raises a succession of pleasurable expectations, and in due succession fulfils them; shows at once a constant obedience to law, and a joyful boldness and mastery; with free yet symmetrical swing and cadence, with regulated exuberance (like that of Nature in all her best forms) a beautiful proportionality develops itself as by spontaneous movement, giving to each part its utmost effect, while each remains in due subordination to the whole.

Thus far, the effect closely resembles that of Music; but during the working of Poetry's enchantment, the intellectual powers also are in a peculiar condition of pleasurable excitement and clairvoyance. Beautiful Proportionality permeates the thought and the spirit of the thought which the

well-proportioned words convey. Plan, ideas, images, style, words, are all modulated to one harmonious result. All, together, moves and floats, and orbs itself. A rapid-glancing and airy logic (but strong and genuine) makes itself felt throughout; the highest and sweetest gifts of memory, of fancy, of imagination, are now fittest to the soul's mood; the synthetic, comparing, harmonising, unifying power is in the ascendant. The soul rises above trivial cares and hindrances, moving rapidly, breathing in all its body like a bird, rejoicing in every cadence of its beating wings; all its powers at command, all of them acting in due subordination; it is become more refined, clairvoyant, harmonious; organised form and regulated movement are combined with a mystical and super-sensuous beauty. Beautiful Proportionality, manifest yet mysterious, that all-pervading quality of Nature's work, — here it is also, developed in the world of man's mind, in the microcosm of human thought.

This is the work of man's joyful sense of beauty (of the beauty which is in all things, rightly seen) expressing itself in choicest rhythmic words; and this is the most complete manner of human expression. Every man, when he speaks his best, would utter Poetry, if he could.

Shall we then call *any* composition of metrical words a poem? — and leave no distinction at all between Poetry and Verse? This would not do. Without metre, no Poetry; but, given a metrical form of words, have we necessarily Poetry? Not so. What is thus expressed must be something *naturally fit to be so expressed*.

For expression by the Pictorial, or by the Musical Art, certain things are fit, other unfit, and the limits of these Arts are well marked. The Art of Poetry is of wider scope, less definite boundary; hence the innumerable mistakes of critics, and of poets too. But on the whole it is recognised that Poetry is doing its right and peculiar office when it expresses imaginative truth, in forms of beauty, or of sublimity, imbued with tenderness, awe, aspiration, exultation, every mood of noble emotion; and the general result is harmonious thought and feeling in harmonious words.

The Poet does not think in prose, and turn his thought into poetry, by measurement and arrangement and decoration. His thought is poetic. The beauties of a true Poem are not excrescences — they are part of the life and nature of the work. When a true poetic impulse, seeking verbal expres-

sion, clothes itself successfully in rhythmic speech, the rhythm will have a natural suitability to the thought: its words will be the fittest and choicest words; its arrangement of them, the best possible arrangement. In good Poetry, the Metre is not a limitation, but a power; it gives not shackles, but wings.

Good Poetry is in every way the choicest arrangement of words: it demands, therefore, and rewards, the nicest *elocution*. And here let us glance at the benefits which Poetry confers on Language. Poetry preserves, upholds, and improves Language. It chooses the most clear, vivid, and exact forms of speech; and supports the purest methods of pronunciation. Poetry is the chief storehouse of authority on these matters. Changes must gradually come into every Language: but Poetry opposes itself to carelessness, conventionality, vulgarism, corruption of whatever kind, — all those deteriorations to which ordinary speaking and writing are so subject. And remember that when language decays, not merely good taste, but thought and reason also decay. One cannot rate highly the *jus et norma loquendi* of our own day, but doubtless it would be many degrees worse but for the Poets. The diction of social life is at present for the most part vague, unpoetic and corrupt; so also is the general run of our public writing and public oratory, — both of which indeed being addressed to the hour, use naturally the phraseology of the hour; but it is proper for men of literature, and it is their duty, to uphold our noble tongue out of these debasements. This, though a subordinate, is an important function of literature, and especially of the flower of literature, Poetry, — namely, to preserve and if possible enhance Language (which is Thought's body) in health and beauty. Many words and phrases now in common use are less than half alive; blood from the intelligent vital source hardly enters their cold lumpish substance. Human speech of this kind resembles the Horny Woman whose skin was hard warts all over, — smiles, blushes, every sympathetic change, being hopelessly and hideously encrusted. The Poets by their genius, their sensibility and culture, are led to use those forms of their native tongue which are essentially best. And the general characteristic of their forms, where differing from those in ordinary use, is by no means additional pomp, elaboration, inflation, but on the contrary greater simplicity, naivety, directness, nature, truth; and thus they are at once

more picturesque and more exact. Which do you suppose, is the Great Newspaper or the Great Poet the more simple and more exact in the use of words? Good poetic language fits as close as possible to its thoughts; while ordinary language too often hangs loosely sagging and bagging, here gathered into a shapeless hump, there trailing on the ground, disguising and disparaging the thought of which it is the slovenly garment.

The Spirit of Poetry itself it was, which, at an earlier stage of language, fitted words to things, and ever it requires the word and phrase not merely to approach but to get as near as possible to the thought. Many or most of the finest forms of language we owe, as we shall find if we trace them up, to the Poets. The chief wealth of Prose is borrowed or adapted from the treasure-house of Poetry. Poetry has not only originated the best words and applications of words, but has taught Prose the general power of language, and given it the hint of invention. They who, loving high prose, disparage Poetry, are, if they knew it, a little ungrateful. I know a very great Prose-writer of our time, who is not always respectful to Poetry in the abstract, yet whose pages are bejewelled with costly phrases and sentences from the Poets.

The youth enjoying his beloved poem, perusing and reperusing till every line becomes familiar as his own name, is unawares storing his memory with better forms of language than he could elsewhere find. Considered merely as a literary composition, a good Poem is incomparably the most perfect of such things, — although Prose has a wider and more varied service.

Dealing oftener with high and abstruse matters, good Poetry is always as clear as the nature of the subject and the nature of human speech will allow. If not, it so far falls short of what it might be, and of what Poetry is, at its best. At the same time let me remark, that good Poetry is not to be read lazily and loungingly, but with both eyes open, and all one's wits about one.

Now think of the diffusion of the English language over the face of the globe, and of the still mightier future that lies before it among the unborn millions of Australia and of the American Continent, and it will appear no light thing to uphold the purity and strength of the great English Tongue, and to confirm it by examples and models. When a language becomes corrupt, so also do thought and reason; the form of civilisation which it contains and expresses must deteriorate along with it.

Even in this lively literary weather, so to speak, of our own day, when it snows novels, and hails essays, and blows newspaper-articles from all points of the compass at once, a good Poem still finds its readers, is oftener read, and better remembered, than the other things.

Repeat to me a sentence or two of that leader which you were so much pleased with, eighteen months ago, or say the day before yesterday. You can't. It was not meant, you will say, to be remembered verbatim — it did its part, gave its message, had its influence. But (allowing this its value, even allowing the influence of the clever swiftly read newspaper article to have been always a good influence, never a bad, which would be allowing a great deal) — do you think it would be well that all writing should be of this hasty and ephemeral character? — nothing written with care, and with the highest care? nothing that will be worth reading next month, or next year?

Can we not guess some of the probable effects on taste, and on judgment too?

To its Poets, the World on the whole is not unappreciating or ungrateful. The greatest names in Literature, among the greatest in all History, are the names of Poets. Over millions and generations of men they have an influence, not confined to one people or tongue. The higher the Poet's genius, the more it belongs to all mankind; and its effect is to unite them all in the feeling of a common humanity. Poetry, in its actual examples, is differently conditioned and modified in different languages. The Poet is limited by his instrument, and some languages give more freedom and power in poetic expression than others: but we must not deviate into these tempting byways.

Poetry, as we believe, preserves and purifies languages, cultivates good taste, helps memory, fills the mind with fair images and high unselfish thoughts, wondrously increases our perception and enjoyment of natural beauty, relieves the pain of our usual lack or poverty of expression, shaping and bringing within compass multifarious thoughts and feelings, otherwise inexpressible. But the boon of boons, including all the rest, is the general enlargement, elevation, emancipation, of the soul. Poetry universalises. In its last result it is never despondent, but inspired with the loftiest joy and courage. It begins in the glad sense of Universal Beauty, and when it bestows the same glad sense upon its

hearers, its result is accomplished. Here and there you find a short poem, exceptional, expressing a despondent mood, but the best Poetry in its total effect is cheerful and encouraging. Even when it treats of sorrow, of pain, of death, it is sympathetic, but not despondent and gloomy. The very production of the exceptional sad poem, indicates a degree of victory over the sadness. The *Iliad*, treating much of war, wounds, and violent death, is animated and exhilarating throughout: of Dante's great poem the first part is most read, for its fierce picturesqueness and dreadful fascination; but the second is an ascending symphony of hope and faith, and the third part a hymn of heavenly rapture. Chaucer is cheerful as the green landscape after a spring shower; Spenser full of rich vivacity and bold adventure; Shakespeare's book a multifarious world of movement and interest; nothing did Goethe so much abhor, in life and in literature, as despondency, discouragement.

The Poet, when he is most himself, rises to a high and serene view. He will not exhibit grief, misery, horror, in isolated sharpness and for the mere sensational effect; these must lose their harsh and painful prominence, and fall into place in a large and noble circle of ideas. The merely painful always marks as inferior the work in which it is found. Didactic poetry, and doctrinal poetry, are also inferior, so far as they are narrowed not merely by human but by particular limitations, concerned too much with certain people, opinions, circumstances, with the temporary and accidental. In the pure mountain air which blows over the realm of true Poetry, no mental epidemic can exist, or if it rises thither it melts away; fever of partisanship, itch of personality, ophthalmia of dogmatism, lie below with fog upon the marsh-lands.

Yet the Poet escapes not the influence of his time, usually it affects him far too much. He is sensitive, sympathetic, enters easily into the feelings and opinions of others, but does not so easily escape again. He is apt to fall into sudden timidity in the midst of his boldest enterprises, apt to yield to the pressure of the hour. Also his delicate senses persuade him to luxury and sloth. His experience of the stupidity and the selfishness which have possession of so many human beings goads him sometimes into one or another form of cynicism. He may sometimes write below his own dignity, and that of his Art. But, remember, if he puts any evil (here is not meant by evil,

what this person or that person may object to, but contradiction of his own better self, treason to humanity) — if he puts any wickedness into his poetry, it is so much the less Poetry. So far it suffers loss of value and of rank. The external facts, too, and incidents connected with composition and publication, are often ugly, nauseous and warping.

The ideal, the typical Poet has all but superhuman power of vision and of speech. But in the actual, every Poet is very limited and imperfect. Even the greatest Poets are faulty, full of faults and short-comings. Each, limited already in his genius, is also limited from without, and does not do even as well as he might. On every side a dull and perverse world of persons and circumstances presses in upon his work.

The fair Poem, a gift to many, — to the Poet himself is often but a poor shadow, a faint reminiscence of some glorious message.

'Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 't would win me,
That, with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there;
And all would cry, 'Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread;
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.'

Never yet has a Great Poem been really written — only hints and fragments. No one as yet has delivered his message even as well as he might have done. The masterpieces of all Poetry are only such by comparison.

I think — hope — might almost say believe, that the best poets are yet to come. Do we not hope for a better earth than has yet been? And we all hope for a better life elsewhere. Shall not *that* have its Poetry, think you, inexpressibly greater and finer than any thing we can now conceive or dream of? — and when Man is more in unison with Heaven (be it here or elsewhere) a fairer, fuller Poetry will surely arise: yet, with all its imperfections, that which we already possess is a great gift.

Of Poetry as written, Poetry as we have it, there are many degrees and varieties.

Every poem need not be great — but it must be genuine in its own kind.

Every poem is the result of two co-operating forces: one, impulse, emotion, inspira-

tion; the other, will, intention, conscious effort. Of true Poems, some have more of the one, and some of the other; and so also of different parts of a Poem, one part is done chiefly from will, another part from impulse. The Poets, exceedingly various as they are, seem to me to be divisible mainly into two great classes, those whose work springs chiefly from the pure poetic impulse, and those whose work is chiefly produced by will and intention.

Those whom I would place in the second named and lower class (let us call it class P.W., from *poetic will*) are able men who have been turned, by circumstances and choice, in proportions varying in the various instances, to express themselves through the medium of verse, and who on the whole successfully accomplish their aim. Other men, of equal or greater total capacity, are quite ungifted for singing their thoughts; but these of whom we speak have more or less a share of the necessary gift; some true musical impulse moves in the midst of their general intellectual power; each, along with his other qualities, has enough of the metrical, the musical, the poetic, to urge him or at least to enable him to write in verse, and this gives him his claim to be called a Poet; though still, one will prove much more of a Poet than another. Some poets there are, who, in the economy of things, appear to be made for the *unpoetic* listener, — since metrical language works more or less upon all men. In the Poets whom I would reckon in the other class (let us call it class P.I., from *poetic impulse*), the purely poetic impulse is the master quality, irrepressible and all-pervading; even as the born Painter has a constant delight in colour for its own sake.

One might, I think, arrange the names of all Poets known to him (though in certain cases there might be question and difficulty) broadly into these two large classes. This done, it probably strikes us, that such a one standing in the P.W. class is on the whole greater than such another in the P.I.; but we also find that *all the greatest* Poets in the total list stand in the class marked P.I.; and that the precious qualities *peculiar to Metrical Poetry* come to us most abundantly from natures wherein also dwell the highest sensibility to beauty, the swiftest movement of thought, the most penetrative intellect. The imagery of these men is usually that of the true Imagination, intuitive, dealing with essential relations of things; the imagery of those who would come into our second class is collected chiefly by the Fancy, in her sport, or for parade.

If we divide and classify further we arrange Poets into certain schools, — but at last we shall find, if we go on, that every considerable Poet is to be taken singly; and the greater the Poet, the more distinctly individual he is. He views the world in his own way, and reports his experience in his own way; his sincerity is his power. If he 'carries a mirror,' it is not a common mirror, but a magic mirror, made out of his individual quality. Yet, a high Poet is also a chief representative of the human race; his work, while peculiar, is at the same time thoroughly sympathetic. The particulars which he conveys so strikingly are not mere particulars, they are also typical, and have a general application. May not the singularity of each Poet be taken as an indication of the importance, the kingship, of every single Human Being? Each has a whole world of his own, besides the world that is his in common with mankind. The poet is peculiar, because largely receptive of life and nature at first hand, and bold and skilful enough to sing his own proper experiences; he is universal by virtue of that unity which underlies all appearance, and which is everywhere reached by the penetrative mind. The peculiarity will be modified by circumstance and accident; the insight, the piercing veracity, is the gift given to all true Poets, and the secret of their strength.

Let us glance back at the ground we have passed over. Poetry is the Art of Verbal Metrical Expression. It is the most comprehensive of the Arts. It furnishes the most adequate means of expressing certain thoughts and moods. The thought, the mood, must itself be emotional and creative — must be such as moves all the powers of expression to harmonious result. It is first the movement of the Poet's *mind* that is musical: not saying 'musical' in any technical sense, but that his mind is moved and modulated into a beautiful orderliness: his emotions, his conceptions, when they seek and find the most fitting expression, flow into harmonious speech. There is always some resistance in the medium; his song is not so free and perfect as he desires. He must often compromise, supply missing links, as best he can, by more conscious exertion; he stumbles, makes mistakes, falls short in many ways; but if his work on the whole is a genuine Poem, a boon to mankind, an addition to the world, the music of it first vibrated spiritually through the Poet's being.

Where lies the source of this influence? It lies deep. In approaching this part of my subject, I would avoid anything like a rhetorical or rhapsodical tone. The idea to be conveyed is, I believe, not fanciful or fantastic, but of the deepest truth; — so deep is it, and draws us into such awful precincts, that Poetry itself could alone furnish words in the least degree adequate, words at once clear and subtle; and even these at their best would fail and fall short.

To those varied and wonderful manifestations of the Divinity, in the midst whereof we find ourselves placed, and of which we form a part, and a most important part, we give collectively, in default of a better term, the name of 'Nature.' And all Nature is poetic — a countless multitude of poems, which Man translates as best he may into his own language. It is too great for any of us; we can but report a line here and a verse there. The Man of Science is the critic and grammarian of Nature's Poems; the Poet the translator and interpreter. Neither is let into the secret. The absolute essence remains inconceivable. Yet most astounding it is that little Man should possess the faculties of intellectual investigation and the powers of spiritual vision which are his; powers correlative to all that is external to him — other forms of One Eternal Truth.

Nature is poetic: Nature (as we have ventured to express it) is a Poem, and every part of Nature. Art is not the same as Nature, has something less and something more, is an externalised beauty imbued with human elements, and is *not* the result of mere imitation of Nature: but that life, that Spirit, which shows itself through Nature, and which shows itself through Art, is one and the same. That which is the life of our pictures, our music, our verse-poetry, — there it is also in Nature. Beauty is everywhere, unnecessary, useless beauty, throughout earth, water, air, and the infinite of space; and everywhere developed in metre, in balance, in rhythm, in symmetry; the grand original *Poiesis*. Consider merely the growth of a plant: what the Indian conjuror pretends to do in five minutes is no less wonderful in the slower natural movement continued throughout weeks and months. The little seed sends up its stem like a slender fountain, shaking out the delicate foliage on every side, unfolding bud and flower, leaf for leaf, petal for petal, in due order and proportion, with symmetry and freedom gracefully reconciled; beauty is not alone of lily, rose, and palm-tree;

every wayside weed is a green poem. More wonderful still the multiform animal creation: Lion and Horse, Bird, Serpent, Fish, Butterfly, Earthworm, Animalcule, each of these, and every living thing, harmoniously organised, and fitted to its place; and above these again our own orderly and rhythmic frame, with its powers and energies.

Then consider in this light the steps and incidents and progression of a human life, from appearance to evanishment. Every chief incident, every group of incidents, seen in the true connection and from the proper point of view, with right insight and right feeling, is poetic. I do not speak of the life of a hero, but of an average common-place human being. Birth, Childhood, Youth, Maturity, Old Age, Death; — a day, a month, a year, a life from cradle to grave, — all together rounds itself, when seen from a little way off, into a consistent and symmetric form, which as a whole is permeated with beauty, — rounds itself into a Poem.

Again, looking off from ourselves, we see every day, not unrelated to us, the landscape with all its variety combined and rounded and poetised within its horizon-circle. This we see with the natural eyes. And with the larger and no less truthful eyes of the imagination, we can see (standing upon the vantage-ground won by Science, and looking beyond and above Science) this Earth-Globe of ours, clad with the seasons, painted with day and night and many-coloured clouds, softly spinning round its regulated course. Who doubts of this, more than of the apple which he holds in his hand? What man has ever seen this? It is a Poem, seen only by the eyes of the imagination, but known also to be a scientific fact. Is there any External Universe (the old question)? We answer, Yes. How can we know any thing of it? In the last step, only by the Poetic Imagination.

Looking higher still and farther, aided thereby, what find we? On every side, — boundless, inconceivable, yet true and sure, as mere matter of fact as our own five fingers when we hold out our hand, — a Universe crowded with Earths and Suns. They move and mingle unceasingly, in a mighty dance, 'Cycle on epicycle, orb on orb.' Our utmost imagination, though entirely believing, throws hitherward a most faint and ineffectual glance. This great Universe is the Poem of Poems. The Maker of it is the Primal Poet.

And higher still we may rise above this

sphere, into the awful perception of Absolute Truth, when in the soul Religion and Poetry are one, and we recognise Conscience and its laws as a beautiful reality and wonder excelling the Starry Heaven itself.

The Plant, the Animal, the World, — poems, miracles, are these; Man the greatest. He only, of all known Created Beings, has the gift of articulate speech, and of conscious communion with the Divine Source, — this faculty, this communion, cognate powers. So does he share in little the Creative energy. He orbs his intelligent life into economic, into moral, into social, into religious order. His delight in the universal Beauty he projects into ordonnance of forms and colours and sounds; and for all the faculties of his mind, in due subordination and perfect proportionality, he finds an expression, and the best expression, in the wider, freer, and more various elements of Language, and so orbs that also into Poetry — what we agree to call 'Poetry' *par excellence*. Divine is the impulse, nor are the means unworthy, since Language also (however we may trace its progress) originates from a spiritual, a celestial source. In Language, the Poetic Spirit seeks, finds and uses its own, that which it gave long before, and ever it strives after what is truest and most essential in Language. Rightly is Poetry esteemed miraculous, a gift from above. The impulse comes to all men, but only a few are so open and sensitive by genius, so unspoilt by circumstance, so unclogged with trifles, unshackled by daily needs, as to vibrate with free and full responsive tone, and convey to others any hint of the heavenly message. Here and there by the bounty of Heaven, some true messenger, among many pretended messengers and many self-deceiving, speaks a word not inadequately. In those good and happy moments of enlargement and power, when memory, hope, experience, faith, imagination, all the faculties, rise together into an emotional mood of love and joy, new, delicious, and creative, — a gifted Human Soul, recognising the presence of eternal beauty, and impelled to communicate its delight, projects itself into the world of language, and there creates beautiful things.

Happy I call him, whatsoever his visible fortune, to whom above the petty and distracting din of the passing day, it is given to hear the far-off movement of an Eternal Harmony. For one Poem that he writes, ten thousand unwritten poems are his.

And if he have the gift and courage to report well some snatch or fragment, happy also are they whose ear and soul are open to his message.

In youth, when the senses are fresh and the spirit is open, it is well to drink of this ambrosia. As people grow older, they are apt to grow more shrewd and decorous, not always more reverent, not in every way wiser. I can imagine that an Old Man may gladly find floating on winged words into his memory some early dream, some ideal hope or joy, some high thought, a Poet's gift, and find it truer after all, more deep founded, than much that he deemed reality in life, but which was only fleeting appearance. Perhaps, though long latent, it has not been without its influence.

But whether this or that individual, young or old, reads or never reads, remembers or does not remember any Poetry in a given form of words, the Poets have not the less influenced and modified the world of men into which he and we have been born, the language that we speak, the society in which we live.

If A. or B. cares nothing, has never cared any thing for Poetry, 'tis his loss and his defect — the greater, the less he is conscious of it; let him at least avoid any bragging as to his apathy. He might as reasonably be proud of deafness or blindness.

Poetry, like Humanity itself, appears poor and absurd, or rich and profound, partly according to the mood in which we regard it, but mainly according to the wisdom we bring to its estimation.

The Spirit of Poetry is assuredly a divine presence and power. This particular manifestation of it, this Art of Metrical Language, is a fact and a force in the world; its effects delightful, elevating, and enduring; its source hiding beyond investigation, — in the Infinite Deep of Things.

W. A.

From Fraser's Magazine.

TWO SALUTATIONS.

• GOOD MORROW, MY PRETTY MAID.

ONCE upon a time, on a summer morning, three regiments of soldiers marched through an old burgh town, known to its inhabitants as emphatically 'the town,' — one of those towns, like blue-white oysters hanging from brown and green seaweed, which fringe the coast of the frith, known in its young days as Scotland Water. The town was not di-

lapidated then. It was the resort of skipers gently born, who did a little in the privateering business, and left their mark in the shape of two-storied, wind-swept, sea-washed houses, with back doors and main doors — a coping above the last, and a square stone above the coping, bearing an anchor or a coat of arms, or two pairs of initials — those of husband and wife — united in stone if disunited in flesh.

The town had its population, but what the soldiers saw of them consisted solely of women, unless children, dogs, hens, and ducks be taken into account. Not women in their normal state either, running out, fine or slatternly, rejoicing in the sight of the red coats, blessing the bonnie faces of the Southern; but lowering women, scowling and scolding, and where they could not scowl and scold, sore-hearted and wet-eyed. When they held up their children, it was not to laugh and crow to the strangers, but to threaten them: — 'Look at them, bairn; ken them again; and if your father falls, laddie, grow a man and be their deaths.' The old skipper town, hating the Union, and loving its former privileges in malt and salt and trade with Holland, was Jacobite to the heart's core, and these were soldiers of Cumberland, whom Englishmen called Bluff Bill, and Scotchmen, the Butcher. The townsmen were away with the Jacobite leaders; the women were left behind to witness the desolation and degradation of the town as the Hanoverian troops crossed the ferry, quartered themselves on their enemies, or marched in pursuit of 'Charlie and his men,' to wait for news of encounters and engagements, to sigh for the return of their men folk. And the echo of the women's sighs soughs still on the bleak Scotch breezes, among the swaying thistles and nodding bluebells in snatches of old songs: — 'Oh! send Lewie Gordon hame;' 'A' would be right again, gin Jamie were come back.'

A strange, deserted, sad, sullen world these English gentlemen, yeomen, and grooms passed through in the hostile districts, like crossing Styx, and wandering among the shades of the dead, as to the Hessians the Northern pass appeared the mouth of Hell; but they were mostly practical men, thinking of the glories of Bath in the season, or the comforts of country-houses, of shot and shoulder-belts, of boots and tops and aching limbs within them, of grudging nights' quarters and 'swee' kail and porridge, or, if their imaginations were given to excursions, of hillside ambushes and the slogan of Highland savages.

The bitter jibes and muttered curses of the women fell on the soldiers like small stones on coats of mail; they were not worth resenting, so long as a war of words was all which the viragos ventured to wage. Yet were they strong women these Scotch wenches—some of them the terror of the yellow harvest field in their snoods or curches, or the randy fishwives of the white sandy shore. Most of them had drunk in Scripture with their Scotch blood and their mothers' milk, and were well read in the stories of Jael and Sisera, and the mother in Israel who threw down a piece of a millstone on the head of Abimelech, the son of Jerubbaal; and the red coats had need to march warily through the steep narrow streets of the town.

A few of the spectators were of higher rank and gentler breeding, but not of opposite faith; these were at the windows, expressing their wrath by silent, stately scorn. One young woman of this class filled a narrow window with her hoop and her ruffles; while at the other window of the same tall, grey house, women and children, ladies and servants, clustered and hung by each other like frightened pigeons or sheep; but the girl set herself forth alone as a mark for the carbines should there be skirmishing in the streets, or volleys of insolent triumph, in voluntary testimony, knitting her smooth brow and setting her white teeth, to her hatred of the Whigs. She had thrown the window up and leant on the sill, and there framed by the window-frame in a setting of diamonds, the small window-panes glistening and sparkling behind her head, she was a conspicuous object and a striking contrast to the general forlornness and disarray,—the studied neglect and squalor. Not that it was a propitious face, for not a face there gloomed more determinedly; but it was the gloom of a summer shower shrined in a rainbow: the pout of a girl, and a lovely girl—a rustic beauty growing up spontaneously like the convolvulus on the sea braes, with the same wonderful combination of delicacy and wildness. A throat like a swan's, a head like a fawn's, eyes like the shy beautiful eyes of a game bird, and a mouth that spoke frank, rash froward words of love and hate; a delightful, bold, fearless, trusting, tempting child's mouth, which even as she bridled and frowned, burst apart, and showed the glistening teeth in their half appreciation and whole marvel at a grand spectacle, a rare show in the town. The entire figure was in holiday array, as Montrose dressed for his execution, in silk gown, worked apron, and gold chain

with keys dangling at the side, lace stomacher, and little lace cap laid flat, like the cap of the Christ Church boys, on the top of the overflowing, crisp, girlish dark hair.

A young officer with a light step, a roving glance, and a gay, thoughtless heart, looked up and caught sight of the peerless picture, the one pleasant picture which the town presented. 'Good-morrow, my pretty maid; will you go with me?' he called out of the undisciplined ranks, giving a scrape and a swagger.

The blood rushed like fire over the beautiful young face; but as the other women screamed and fell back, she stretched farther forward, and facing the bold man, she drew her two arched brows into one straight black line, pressed her red lips together, and uttered the bare monosyllable 'No' with an energetic rudeness that caused a hoarse laugh to rise and ring among the old rough John Bull soldiers.

The young officer was a man of rank (as they say), and would linger and parley at will though he kept his comrades waiting. 'And why not?' he demanded in explanation. 'Because you are no an honest man,' asserted the daring, confiding red lips, the wild eyes looking without winking at his dangling sword and silver-mounted pistols, the white throat swelling with fondness and fidelity to his foe; while a murmur and rustle of fear—an 'Oh, Mause, tak' tent and dinna brag the soldier,' shook like the wind among the slim willows and the birches, the group at her side.

The officer reddened a shade in approach to the hue, 'angry and brave,' of his coat, but he put the best face he could on the sharp retort. 'How do you know that, my pretty maid?' he went on in mock defiance.

'By the colour of your coat,' she answered, shortly; 'no honest man wears siccan a coat on his back,'—and she shut the window with a bang and ran from it in sudden panic, as the commanding officer behind cried 'Forward!' and the loiterers advanced in double-quick time. Not before Captain Bernard, of Bernard's Court, in the wolds of Yorkshire, hailed a passer-by—'Who was that lass that answered from the window?' (He had learnt the term, like the poor gallant Frenchified lad who, with the two words 'bonnie lass,' won the woman's heart of Scotland.)

'Lass!' grumbled the pawky gangrel, 'she's nane of a lass; she's the young leddy of Legs-my-lea' (*Scottic* for Ecclesia Maria, Church lands rechristened at the Reformation), 'Mistress Mause Mulin of Water-

gate that was; the Laird of Legs-my-lea wedded her and brought her hame a month syne: for him you can speer word at her if ye want him, for he's gane like the lave of the men to the coals, or the peats, or the hay, or—aweel, the deil and their wives ken whar.'

It happened that Captain Bernard was left, much against his will, to hold the town with two scores of his men; and before night the news was brought him that the Laird of Legs-my-lea had been in a tussle with the loyal militia of a landward town, at some miles' distance, had been wounded in the shoulder, had trailed himself home like a wounded dog, and was lying hid in his house in the town at that very moment. 'Legs-my-lea!' cried the captain; 'by George, that's the husband of the saucy jade who spurned me!'

'YOUR WORSHIPFUL SERVANT, MADAM.'

THE Laird of Legs-my-lea's house in the town was scant of room. People did not want either space or privacy in those days, but did the most exciting deeds, elbowing each other, in the centre of well-informed, interested spectators. Then there was trouble in the house, which makes a house smaller. Last month a bride had been brought home by a wildfire of a laird, who did not think 'going out' and risking his head was sufficient business on his hands, but must marry a wife and risk her tender heart into the bargain. Now, a wounded man lay, boots and all, on the top of the quilt which Mause had patched, in the box-bed, that was not yet discarded from its position as a convenient article of furniture in a private sitting-room. It was highly convenient for Magnus the laird—the comely, despotic, generous young giant, who was not so much injured that he could not raise himself on his elbow, see what was going on in domestic economy, and put in his word when affairs went against his will, and in the fever and irritation of his wound he put in his word perpetually. It was horribly inconvenient for Mause—the lady, the laird's mother and her sister, and the lady's mother and her sister—all of whom had taken refuge in the one house of Legs-my-lea for comfort and company to each other, deserted as they were by their natural rulers and protectors.

The women had business of their own, to which they did not want the man over whose unexpected return they had laughed

and cried three hours before, to be a witness. Mause was fretted in the nursing of her husband by the interference of so many other nurses tendering their advice unasked, as a right of kindred, though Magnus turned his back upon them and would allow no one to put a finger on him, not even his old mother, none save his seventeen years' old wife of six weeks.

In the mean time, these good people took their ease in the erroneous impression that Cumberland's soldiers had marched through the town, and over the hills and far away, before Legs-my-lea's arrival. Engrossed by their own matter, they had not heard of Captain Bernard and his forty men coolly ensconced in the town-house.

It was a low-roofed, white-panelled room in which the family commotion prevailed, full of the mingled simplicity and mystery which our ancestors loved. Unsophisticated as the room looked, it was choke full of secrets. The boxbed opened like a cupboard. The cupboard itself was entered by a movable panel. Try to open it in the legitimate way, and a man would require an axe to split the wood asunder; but press a panel in one direction, and it slid away in a trice, leaving to view an innocent enough thing, in its uselessness—a carved buffet, whittled into curves and scallops, not worth the manoeuvre of getting at it, unless that it bore poor Mause's blue-and-gold starred china, one cup of which was broken already. (And Mause could have sat down and cried when the fracture took place, ere she knew what she was about, had not Legs-my-lea been still at her elbow to kiss the first big bright drop away; and had she not promised herself never again to trust the egg-shell cups in clumsy irresponsible fingers, but to wash them night and morning, like a good housewife, with her own dainty hands, and dry them with her satin damask napkins.) The very window to the garden was not a window, but a door—half glass, half panelled wood—which opened with so low a step to the flower border, that, lift the latch, and wreaths of green and white periwinkle, purple and green clematis, and single 'red, red' roses, leapt straight in and wove a shifting, fading, exquisite summer carpet on the coarse homespun floorcloth.

In this room the somewhat ominous gathering of the couple's families and friends sat, like a bench of judges, masquerading in damask gowns, pinners, top-knots, and mumbled and mowed and skirled their sentences on the improper behaviour of the inexperienced heads of the house of Legs-my-lea; took Mause to task sharply, and

spoke out their minds indirectly to the chained laird.

'What for did you don your best silk gown, my dochter?' insinuated old Lady Legs-my-lea, in a cracked voice, 'that suld have been kept for the king's coronation or for the butter-saps at least.'

'And you have torn your negligée that cost me ever so many punds Scots, you wastrife bairn:' old Lady Watergates, thrown so far off her guard as to confess to a price, flouted the youthful matron in another quavering pipe.

'All the town was there to see, pled Mause, in sensitive vanity; 'was Legs-my-lea's wife to appear like a common woman or like no wife at all, but an unspeered lass?'

'You are a bauld wife of two months — no out, that a strange man suld mint to address you, madam, her sister-in-law, Mistress Littlejohn, whose husband was only a clerk, and who was in his own person lank, with high cheek-bones, warned Mause austere.

'And what garred ye answer the man, you cutty? He'll think you a light woman; but you were aye a forward lass, or you would not be where you are;' cried Peggy, the bride's unmarried eldest sister, who had red hair and many freckles, and who tossed her uncovered maiden head scornfully, and gulped down an indignant sigh.

'I couldna help it,' urged Mause irrelevantly; 'my heart just came into my mouth.'

Legs-my-lea lay there like a lion that has been hit, with his yellow hair so tumbled free from its powder and pomatum, that it was flying loose as a mane, and brushing Mause's soft cheek, when he pulled her down to him (much as it had done when she had sat at her wheel during the long nights of the past stirring winter, and Legs-my-lea had gone a-courting to Watergates), wooed by the caressing touch, and uniting, as amber draws straws, with Mause's dark curls, not yet taking the sit of the curch, still clustering in rich rings to the light tie of the snood. At this point Legs-my-lea started up against his own flesh and blood, and Mause's, like a tyrant of the first water, and swore nobody should 'conter' (*Anglicè* contradict) Mause but him, and Mause was to do what she liked, and Mause's pleasure was his pleasure, and he would like to hear who would flyte on Mause after he said that; but 'let them flyte,' and 'Mause, my joe, never mind the fules flytin.'

Legs-my-lea fell back exhausted; the family storm died away in scared silence,

till Mause, who had listened to her own condemnation with dry eyes, and an erect little head, fairly sobbed at his defence. He had burst the bandage on his wound, and it was bleeding afresh, and that was what the cruel people had made by their work.

At that very moment a friendly scout rushed in with an awful complication of evil tidings. The English were lying billeted in the town: the English captain had word Legs-my-lea had come to be cured of his hurt by the hands of his young wife under his own roof-tree; and the roystering blade of a captain, having swallowed his dinner, and swilled a bottle of claret under his belt, was tramping along the streets, breathing fire and smoke, and bringing a magistrate's warrant, and a dozen of his men at his heels, to apprehend the defenceless man, squatted like a hare by his own hearthstone.

The report raised a frenzied rout, and above all sounded the shrill accents of Magnus's mother. 'You see what you have done, Mause; you have slain your ain gude man and my dear bairn by your glaiket pride and fule's passion.'

And Mause's despairing protest — 'Mother, I would dee for him; I will dee for him.'

'And Magnus's tender re-assurance — 'Never heed my mother, Mause; never heed man or woman of them; and you, mother, be silent, I command you. I tell you, my sweetheart, you have not harmed a hair of my head.'

No time was to be lost. After a short consultation, Magnus was hurried, against the grain, through the glass door to try for an escape by the garden; while young Mause, as his wife and representative, stayed behind, stiff with horror, yet straining all her powers of body and mind to meet the dreaded visitor.

Mause was one of those girls ever put forward by nature and fortune. The youngest of her family, she was courted and wedded the first. She was the head of Legs-my-lea's household — over mother and maids and all. She was the woman who was challenged by, and who answered the challenge of Cumberland's wild officer. She was the wife left to keep the house, vindicate the honour, and cover the escape, of her husband. When the quaking old mothers and wailing sisters shrank in their love into corners out of sight, this girl of seventeen came forward. She had not yet attained her full growth; her endurance

was only for a time; her constancy failed after a struggle; but of her temper, tried and matured, heroines are made.

Mause stood in her brave attire, in the middle of the low-roofed, white-walled room, with its secrets, her eyes wandering in agony to the glass door as Captain Bernard's firm step sounded on the threshold.

The soldier came in with his cocked hat under his arm, bowed so low that he shook the powder from his hair, fixed on Mause his falcon blue eyes, as if he had never beheld her before, and said with covered irony, 'Your worshipful servant, madam.'

Mause responded with a throbbing heart, as if she had never in her life set eyes on Cumberland's officer in his high collar, his stiff cravat, with his keen eyes and curling lips. 'What is your pleasure, sir?' she asked, curtsying, not to be beat in polite hypocrisy — so deep a curtesy that she concealed for whole three seconds the buckles in her high-heeled shoon, keeping her untrained eyes on the floorcloth, that she might not be tempted to look again at that dreadful glass door, before which the boughs of the clematis stirred, though there was not a breath of wind in the sultry summer afternoon.

'Will you do me the favour to tell me, madam, when you last saw the Laird of Legs-my-lea?' inquired the Englishman, mincingly patting his cocked hat.

'Legs-my-lea left the town on the 3d of July,' said the girl, with whitening lips, checking off the number with her third finger on her rosy palm, and falling into that double language in which an honest tongue invariably takes its first stumbling step in deceit.

'Madam, the substance of your communication is false,' observed Captain Bernard, rather pleasantly than otherwise, dropping his hat, drawing out his jewelled snuff-box, and refreshing himself with a pinch of snuff in the most elegant manner imaginable.

'Sir,' cried the rustic Mause, starting violently, 'how dare you say so?'

'I judge by the colour of your sleeve, madam. No honest woman wears such a sign on her arm,' he replied, with a sneer; and he snatched up one of poor Mause's cambric ruffles, on which was a foul stain of blood, not yet dry, from Legs-my-lea's sword-cut.

Mause gave a loud dismal shriek, and fell at the Hanoverian's feet, praying 'Mercy! mercy!' clinging to his knees, almost dragging him round with his back to the glass door, where, as he touched her, she had seen

Legs-my-lea's inflamed face glaring through the panes.

But in another instant the glass was broken with a crash, the door flung open, and Legs-my-lea staggered in.

'I am your prisoner, captain. Get up, Mause, you quean, and do not beg grace of any loon. Hands off my wife, sir! I surrender.'

In the doting passion of his honeymoon, Legs-my-lea was half-furious that Mause should abjectly crave even his life and liberty from another man. He would prefer to have the English officer's hand clapped on his shoulder, though that gripe should lead him to the Tolbooth and the dark Tower of London with its purpled block in the distance, than that the white-ringed fingers should ruffle the plumage and brush the bloom from his darling. Captain Bernard looked from one to the other with his rapid glance. He arranged the 'top' of his hair foppishly; but as he did so he exposed to view above the jeering lip and the thin nostril that quivered excitedly, a frank, open brow. 'You are my prisoner, Legs-my-lea,' he said plainly, 'but it may be better for you than if you had fallen into our hands later in the day, as you assuredly would unless you had fled forth of Scotland, when I might have had less power to protect you. Now, all that I insist on is, that you lie still in your own house in the town until your wounds be healed, and afterwards that you hold yourself bound not to bear arms against King George for a year and a day, when, as I think, there will be no other prince or standard left in Scotland for you to fight for. As for you, madam,' — and the soldier smiled on Mause with the sweetness of a brave man's smile, — 'on some sunny day to come, either here in your own house, or in my house of Bernard's Court, in England, I trust you will take back your hard words, and grant that there are honest men and pitiful men, as well as knaves, bullies, and cut-throats, who wear my uniform.'

Not on one sunny day alone, but on days of rain and frost, at home and abroad, Mause admitted humbly, and thanked God on her bended knees for the husband of her youth and the father of her bairns, that in the ranks she had condemned the wheat grew strong-stemmed and full-eared along with the tares. In proof of the statement, Scotchmen still tell how James Wolfe raised his sickly, stern head and defied Bluff Bill to the face, when he received the order to stab the prisoners and the wounded men,

lying thick as herds of cattle and fallen leaves on the black spring heather of Drum-mossie Moor. 'I am a soldier,' answered the hero of Quebec, 'not an executioner.'

Conclusion of a Review in Blackwood's Magazine.

A NEW LIFE OF NAPOLEON I.

BY P. LANFREY. — VOL. I.

THE wonder is that the French censorship should have ever allowed it to see the light. But this may possibly have been owing to the influence of some sagacious friends of the present Emperor, who think that when all the facts are placed in the full light of day, the fame of the nephew will suffer no diminution by being measured with that of the uncle, and that it would be politic to allow public opinion to put them on a footing of equality as far as possible. The bitterest enemies of Louis Napoleon speak still with the greatest respect of the founder of his dynasty, and endeavour to disparage him by the comparison. Men like Victor Hugo, who in their indomitable independence would have been the first to hate the living tyrant, are ready enough to consecrate his memory at the expense of his sage and moderate successor. An Englishman may now form a cooler and juster estimate than of yore. If Napoleon I. hated England, it was only a natural return for the implacable animosity of the English nation to him. He would have been willing enough, as he said at St. Helena, to have let the English alone in their dominion of the sea, if they had let him alone to work his will on the Continent. We strove in our wars with him to make ourselves the champions of the quarrels of others, as well as of abstract principles, and reaped so little gratitude thereby, and found our glory so expensive, that we seem now inclined to surrender entirely our position as a European power. If we are still interested in European questions, it is mainly because the present ruler of France, the corner-stone of whose policy has always been the English alliance, keeps us up to the mark. Of course, if we have to choose between the greatness of the two men, we should naturally prefer one who has been for sixteen years our consistent friend, to one who during the same period was our most dangerous enemy. And he has been our friend through evil report and good report, though we have often, in our insular pride, slighted his advances, and on

one occasion refused to take measures to prevent a recurrence of a desperate conspiracy against his life, which was unfortunately hatched on our soil. The most valuable legacy which Lord Palmerston left his country was his statesmanlike conviction that a firm alliance with France was her true policy, and this conviction has always coincided with that of the Emperor.

The temporary weakening of that alliance has been attended already with the most momentous consequences. Had it been more strongly cemented, we might have stopped at its beginning the frightful Civil War in America; and instead of allowing a monster Democracy to form itself, which threatens the rights and liberties of the whole world, have secured the division of North America into two great Republics, to the inestimable advantage of each of them, and with an incalculable saving of blood and treasure, — we might have insisted on Russia performing her engagements with respect to Poland, instead of absorbing that unhappy country, — we might have prevented the spoliation of Denmark, which brought on so deadly a quarrel between the two robbers that one was laid prostrate at the feet of the other, — we might have favoured a peaceful consolidation of Germany, instead of looking on while her smaller States were overturned by violence, and her free but patriarchal governments forced to bow their necks under the iron yoke of Prussia, — we might, if we pleased, have shared the gratitude of the Italians, as the joint-founders of their nationality, instead of their owing it half to France and half to Prussia, — and lastly, in concert with France, we might have prevented the formation of another great military empire on the French frontier, the equality of whose resources, and the similarity of whose institutions as now altered, is likely to lead ere long to a gigantic fight for the championship of Europe, even if the little affair of Luxemburg be safely settled. Some, however, consider this no affair of ours, and see a safeguard to England in the rivalry of Prussia to France, and this from a distrust of the French character which history undoubtedly justifies. The opportunity for all this has passed by; but the alliance of England and France, which might have secured the supremacy of those two States in the world, and bound over all other nations to keep the peace, is still a matter of the utmost importance, for powers have been allowed to lift their heads, against whose possible aggressions such an alliance is the only pledge of comparative security.

England and France, in consequence of their mutual coolnesses, must now be content to abdicate their position as the world's police, happy if only by a close union they can preserve their own persons and properties from pillage, assault, and battery. A few years ago, by keeping up their absolute and relative positions, they might have disarmed themselves, and effected the disarmament of the world, inaugurating by mere preponderance of protecting force a millennium of peace; now nothing is to be seen before us but a vista of chaos and confusion, and a great gulf of military expenditure, both in men and money, which will make life a burden to the citizens of great nations, while those of small ones tremble for the remnant of their liberties and the shadow of a national existence. It is not our good friend Napoleon III., but the American Federals and Count Bismark and his master, who have acted on the traditions of the First Empire in our generation, which were, after all, but a plagiarism from the times of Frederick the Great of Prussia. That great captain acted on the simple principle of unscrupulous aggrandisement; a principle by no means new, but generally restrained in ancient times by some moral or religious weakness in kings and conquerors, which the disciple of Voltaire despised, and by despising gained a vast accession of power. It was reserved for the grandson of the great Frederick to improve on his atheistic principles by investing brigandage with the odour of sanctity, and enlisting the sympathies of Exeter Hall as the champion of Protestant ascendancy in the North of Europe, while his acts display a heart as rugged as the nether millstone in his dealings with his fellow-men. Taught by historical lessons, the day has perhaps arrived when France is able to contemplate the character of Napoleon I. without prejudice or partiality. Such a contemplation cannot fail to place her present ruler in a much more advantageous light. As far as mere military glory is concerned, the Second Empire may well bear a comparison with the First. Every victory of Napoleon I. had to be paid for by disastrous defeat, and the final national humiliation surpassed in its bathos the utmost "pride of place" attained by the eagle of his reign; whereas Napoleon III., by slightly modifying his uncle's maxim of "impossible n'est pas Français," and confining himself to the limits of the attainable, has secured for France during his tenure of power an uninterrupted series of victories, unchecked by a single important reverse — has raised his country to a pre-

eminence in the arts of peace which she had never known before — has made her rich and respected in the commercial world, by boldly adopting free-trade principles in spite of the prejudices of his subjects, and the opposition of narrow-minded self-interest — has made Paris the wonder of the world in beauty and convenience for residence — and, although despotic in his rule, has done more to advance real substantial freedom than all the Governments preceding him, even including the Republic. Though the Press may have been more free under Louis Philippe, it must be remembered that the restrictions on trade in his reign were founded on the narrowest principles of exclusion, and that, while the passport system was applied with its utmost rigour to foreigners, no born Frenchman even could pass from one town to another without leave. If the right of meeting existed, it was violated at the pleasure of the Government, since it was such a violation that produced the Revolution of 1848. In asking for more extended liberties, the French forget what they have gained under the present reign. There is no doubt which way the personal sympathies of the Emperor lean; and if the Opposition would clearly show that they only mean friendly criticism of, and not hostile action against, the existing power, there is every probability that he would give the country all it sighs for, or at least all that is good for it, and all that is advisable in a regime behind which is Universal Suffrage. It must not be forgotten that Louis Napoleon was carried into power on the prestige of the First Empire; that the *coup-d'état* was in a manner forced upon him, with the alternative of abdicating his position altogether; that it was not open to him to remain President of the Republic if he had wished it, because France insisted on having an Emperor, under whom she hoped to revive her former military glories. He has so steered his course for sixteen years, that he has managed to satisfy the vanity of France, and to do her more good than evil at the same time, which was far from being the case with his famous predecessor, who left her in the most miserable state in which it was possible for a ruler to leave a nation; he has on the whole behaved well and justly towards other nations, and the two political blunders that he has made are pardonable errors in judgment: one being a well-meant attempt to restore good government to a distracted country; the other resulting from too close an imitation of the non-intervention policy of England. The present

state of Mexico is a justification of the French expedition, which would doubtless have been a success if the American Confederates had been successful in asserting their independence, and if England had properly supported France in recognising the South; and the aggression on Denmark and the war which laid Germany at the feet of Prussia, were allowed to take place, partly because the Emperor had had too much experience of the untrustworthy policy of our Foreign Office, partly because it was generally believed that the war between Austria and Prussia would be long and indecisive. It is easy to say after the event that the Emperor ought never to have allowed it to take place at all. Many patriotic Germans believed, that nothing better could happen than that their two bullies should give each other a thorough pommelling, and allow the spirit of the small States, which excelled as much in liberty and intellectual life as they did in brute force, to assert itself for the regeneration of the country. Certainly, whatever it may be for us, the revolution which has converted Germany into a vast Prussian barrack, is a great calamity both for herself and for France. Instead of disarmament being thought of, the French army must now be increased, and brought to its highest perfection, to meet any possible aggressions from such a formidable neighbour; peasants must be torn from the fields more pitilessly than ever, and the commercial prosperity of the country checked in its growth, for how long a period it is impossible to say. Many intelligent Frenchmen think that a short and sharp struggle for the mastery would, with any result, be less calamitous than such an armed and threatening peace as is likely to ensue now. Certain it is that the French alliance is more necessary to us than ever, and the closer it is made, and the more of the small States it can be made to include, the better it will be for all the parties interested. The alliance of America, Russia, and Prussia, would be quite a match for that of England and France; and it would be as well to take every possible precaution, for if not quite probable as yet, it is always possible. When Russia makes her next attack on the Ottoman Empire, we shall know whether or not she has really ceded all that large territory in North America to the United States for little more than an old song. It is sad that the present combination of affairs threatens to dissolve our old family connection with Germany, a country with which we have never yet been in a position of hostile collision, which will

infallibly ensue if the Germans try to emulate our naval supremacy, as well as the military supremacy of the French. It has been said with a degree of satire, that Nature, in dividing her empire, gave England the sea, France the land, and Germany the air. Taken seriously, this might mean that while her sisters excelled her in arms and commerce, Germany excelled them in the fields of science and art, and that her standard of general education was higher than that of either. Why could she not be satisfied with this gentle supremacy? In coveting new realms which do not naturally belong to her, she imperils that which is peculiarly her own. In future European complications, however much sympathies of race may draw us towards Germany, our interests will probably be found to coincide with those of our next-door neighbours, and when a choice is forced upon us, we shall, in all likelihood, be found at their side.

From Harper's Weekly.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

No recent event is more striking to those who are familiar with the history of the last thirty-five years than the banquet to Mr. GARRISON in London. It is not often that we see the general verdict upon a man so wholly reversed in his lifetime as in this instance. Within less than ten years, Mr. GARRISON was generally regarded as a fanatic and incendiary, who was seeking a hopeless result by methods sure to ruin his country. It is now perfectly plain that his view of the situation was in the main entirely correct; that slavery was in its nature aggressive, and would destroy liberty upon this continent if it were not itself overthrown. His method was determined by his faith and character. A man of peace, he sought results by reason, and aimed to divide the Union in order to save it. Believing the Constitution constrained the whole country, by returning fugitive slaves, to connive at the perpetuity of the most monstrous crime against human nature, he denounced it as a Covenant with Death, and declared that it must be changed or repudiated. The nation has found that the Constitution was pleaded as the great authority of slavery and rebellion, and has cleansed it as Mr. GARRISON desired.

The long and incessant contest which he waged is the really vital chapter of our later history. His agency in the great revolution

is often, indeed, indignantly questioned. No one man, we are told, is to be credited with the glorious work of national emancipation from the horrible despotism of the slave power. In a certain sense, that is plainly true. So LUTHER alone did not establish Protestantism. JAMES OTIS, PATRICK HENRY, and SAM ADAMS alone did not make the Revolution. But the relation of LUTHER to Protestantism, and of OTIS and ADAMS to the Revolution, is not more conspicuous than that of Mr. GARRISON to Emancipation in the United States. The moral force which inspires a great reform, the unquailing tenacity which drives it forward, reside in smaller or larger masses of men; but among them are the few who are the historical types of that moral inspiration and that heroic persistence.

Mr. GARRISON relied for the anti-slavery reform upon the moral element. But how many of the party leaders, when slavery had become a distinct political issue, perpetually strove to eliminate that consideration, and to regard it as a wholly political or economical question. The logic of Mr. GARRISON's position was very troublesome. "If," it said, "slavery is so hideous a wrong, is it not as bad in South Carolina as it would be in Kansas?"

"Yes," was the answer; "but we have no authority over it in South Carolina; the Constitution protects it there."

"Very well," replied the Garrisonian logic. "If the Constitution protects a moral cancer which is constantly sapping the character of the country, strengthening itself and reducing our power of resistance, what must be the inevitable result?"

"Oh, we'll hem it in by free territory."

"But it will not yield without a blow, and every day we are morally weaker. It will choose its own time to strike."

"Oh! guess not."

The guessing did not prevent the shot at the *Star of the West*; and the natural fruit of guessing not was the stupefaction of incredulity that followed. Thank Heaven that vanished, like a thick, smouldering smoke suddenly flashing into flame! but the long and tremendous struggle that followed only showed how deep and radical the power of slavery had become.

The war ended, and at the age of sixty Mr. GARRISON saw the great work of his life accomplished. Quietly withdrawing from the society over which he had so long presided, he knew that the work which remained was the work of one of the great political parties in the country, and not of a special association. Yet he emerged from

the contest as poor as he went into it, and in retirement and ill health cheerfully devoted himself to work. But certain gentlemen who appreciated the devotion of his life to an object which must be an endless benefit to the country, resolved to save his later years from care, and a subscription has been begun, intended to reach only the modest sum of fifty thousand dollars. Thirty thousand of it were presented to Mr. GARRISON upon the steamer when he lately sailed from Boston, and we sincerely hope the rest will await him upon his return. Meanwhile in England JOHN BRIGHT presides at the banquet in his honor, and the Duke of Argyle and Earl RUSSELL lend their honoring voices. We are sorry that Mr. ADAMS, in the reserved and cautious letter which he is reported to have sent, did not represent his country. He has been so long away, however, that he may be pardoned for not fully comprehending the marvelous changes of the time. Slavery is abolished; the Constitution forbids it; the slaves are citizens, and will soon be voters. They will honor many names among their white fellows. But the two which will pass into the fond and pious tradition of their race will be the names of ABRAHAM LINCOLN and WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

REST AND UNREST.

I.

A CASEMENT window; a holly tree,
And a little bird who sings to me:
A little bird whose breast will glow,
When earth is covered with frost and
snow,
And the bright-red roses are all laid low.

2.

A swift brown stream with a varied edge
Of alder bushes, willow and sedge,
A restless bird who skims along
With a harsh, shrill cry which is not a
song,
But a hasty utterance of something wrong.

3.

'Oh! bird in the holly-tree, sing! sing out!
Oh let me hear what thy song is about,
It sounds so chastened and yet so glad,
And the swallow's harsh cry will drive me
mad,
For it cries from a depth which is bitter
sad.'

4.

Sang Robin, 'Although the dear leaves fall
fast,
There are songs to be sung when autumn is
past:
Of the deep red sunsets in wintry days,
Of the swift stream warm in the ruddy
rays,
Of silvery frost work, I sing the praise.'

5.

But the Swallow cried out, 'I will not rest
Until I have drunk of the very best,
The winds only rise for a broken fall,
Waves clamber, and rush, and crave, and
call,—
I do but echo the longings of all!

6.

'I will fly and cry with wings and breath,
For how can I bear to see nature's death?
I go to a land where all is complete,
Where the song the waves sing is perfect-
ly sweet,
In unbroken cadence they fall at one's
feet!'

7.

The little bird turned on the holly tree,
Looked in at my window, and sang to me,
'Hold on! sing on! through winter's blast,
Our songs are all broken, our longings too
vast;
But listen! they promise Perfection at
last!'

A. F. C. K.

— *Fraser's Magazine.*

VIVIAN GREY. (YOUNG AND OLD.)

(BY AN ANCIENT TRUE BLUE.)

AIR — "*Auld Robin Gray.*"

OLD JOHN BULL loved me well: and when
"Church and State!" I cried,
And "King and Constitution!" he shouted at
my side:
Till on Test and Corporation Acts I found
myself at sea,
And then with other things than Trade there
came a making free.

Emancipation passed: Reform: Corn-Laws
were swept away;
The angrier I felt, the less my wrath I could dis-
play:
I wanted PEEL pitched into, but no one for that
could see,
When young VIVIAN GREY came a-courting of
me.

LORD GEORGE was great at figures, but a yarn
he couldn't spin:
While VIVIAN GREY had wealth of words and
power of pitching in:
He made PEEL's life a burden, DERBY's right
hand grew to be,
Then said, "Don't you think, old True
Blue, you'd best take up with me?"

My heart it said "Nay:" I hoped the clock-
hands would go back:
But they didn't; things grew worse and worse;
the old ways began to crack:
The old True Blue coach ceased running: I
was left to cry, "Woe's me,
"To have seen the things that I have seen —
to see the things I see!"

With a man who's done one's dirty work one
feels ashamed to break;
I knew what dirt young VIVIAN GREY had
eaten for my sake.
So I gave him my hand, though *his* my heart
could never be,
And Old VIVIAN GREY was a leader for me!

His lead I had followed some ten years, less or
more,
When I found, one fine morning, a Reform
Bill at my door!
I said, "You've come to the wrong shop:
BEALES and BRIGHT's the firm, not me;"
But it said, "I'm sent by VIVIAN GREY —
made law by you to be."

Oh, long and low I swore, though little I did
say:
For better and for worse I am tied to VIVIAN
GREY:
I wish I was out, but *out* he doesn't want to
be;
And I must do *his* dirty work, as he did mine
for me.

King Mob to Britain's throne-room I have in-
vited in;
I've to eat my words and pledges, and don't
know where to begin:
But I must do my best a Household Suffrager
to be,
For old VIVIAN GREY has so settled it for me!

— *Punch*, 29 June.

From the New Orleans Bee.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Little's Living Age, for June 1st. From the same house we have this valuable periodical often noticed in our columns. The *Living Age* has long been a popular work in this country. It is made up from the best English and Continental newspapers and periodicals, and, from the frequency of its publication, the cream of the foreign Reviews is given to American readers. We were in error a few weeks ago in stating that this work was issued fortnightly—it is a weekly magazine, and for a weekly, exceedingly cheap at eight dollars a year. It contains a large amount of reading matter, and its readers have the best things published in the foreign periodicals. Formerly the *Living Age* had a wide circulation in the South, and it could regain its former circulation if a little more care were used in making selections. Slavery is gone, and no one in the South wishes it back again, yet some writers cannot resist the mean temptation of taunting the South with what is long past. In the *Living Age* we have seen two or three of these articles, and were sorry to find them in so excellent a periodical. They can do no good; they do stir up bitter feelings. There is nothing so senseless, so ungenerous, as a taunt, and the periodical that indulges in taunts will soon feel the effect. We hope, for its own sake, and that it may regain its lost circulation in the South, that the *Living Age* will be more careful hereafter. Such articles as "A Dull Life," are the kind we mean—dull enough in themselves, and as stupid and improbable as they are dull. The other articles in this number are very good.

We are glad of an opportunity to say a word in this connection. But how shall we say it so as to make it heard through the thick folds of prejudice which interpose between our Southren brethren and ourselves?—prejudices which politicians have fostered for forty years in order to separate those whom God has joined together.

Slavery is gone, and no one in the South wishes it back again. *You have no more to do with it than we have.* We thankfully acknowledge and rejoice in this; and no thought of "taunting the South" was in our mind in copying "A Dull Life."

Hereafter we shall not need to be on our guard with you: this would be no compliment to you. We take your hand again without any reservation, and pray you to banish, as soon as possible, all suspicion that there is contempt or enmity towards you in the North. It is the universal wish here that the "two kindred drops shall mingle into one." So far as this has been delayed since Gen. Lee's capitulation, it has been by men on both sides the line who wished to keep you, as of old, a makeweight to a political party. You have no interests not in common with us. Your prosperity is our prosperity. Come and swell the voice of the nation of which you are so important a part, and of which you are to be a much greater proportion. Capital and labour from the full hives of the North will help you to make rich harvests at the South—as soon as you shall be ready to reciprocate our brotherly feeling.